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RIVIERA NO.

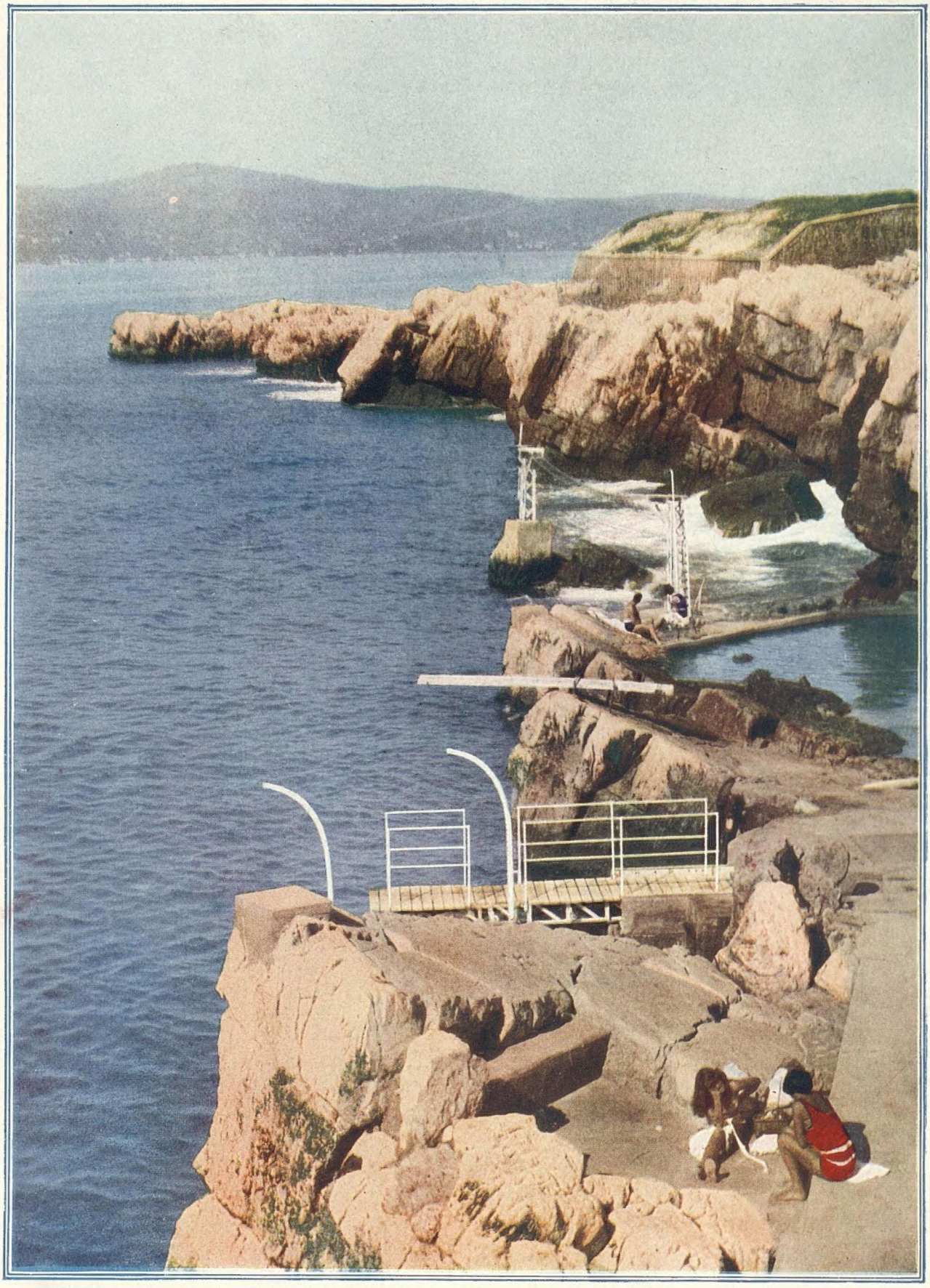
The BYSTANDER

PLUS ALL USUAL FEATURES

"ROUGE GAGNE!"

BY C. MORSE

At Cap D'Antibes



A. S. Allberry

A picturesque view of the famous Club Nautique at Cap D'Antibes, which proves a very popular place for swimmers—the diving stages being particularly excellent—while the surrounding scenery is typical of the beauty of the Mediterranean

SPANISH ROYALTY RIDE TO HOUNDS *Keystone*

The Infanta Beatrice and the Infanta Christina of Spain photographed at a recent meet of the Albrighton. This took place at Trysull Manor, near Wolverhampton

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Gathering Place for Queens

LONDON in November seems to be a gathering place for Queens. The Queen of Norway pays frequent visits from Appleton House; the Queen of Spain comes every year. This year we have the Queen of Serbia and Queen Elizabeth of Greece, who are sisters, both strikingly handsome and with the fine eyes of their mother, Queen Marie of Roumania.

The Queen of Serbia is the younger of the two sisters. Their marriages were probably the last instance we shall see in Europe of royal alliances being used as a policy in statecraft. They were based on a plan the object of which was to unite the ruling dynasties in the Balkan States by marriages with the Roumanian royal house. Thus, first, seven years ago, the elder Roumanian princess was married to the heir to the Greek throne. A month later his sister was married to the Crown Prince Carol of Roumania, who, as we know, left her and renounced his rights to the throne. In the following year the younger Roumanian princess was married to King Alexander of Serbia. It was said at the time that a marriage between the third Roumanian princess, Princess Ileana and King Boris of Bulgaria was contemplated, but so far nothing has been heard of the matter.

King George of Greece and his Queen had only a brief reign, the Greek Republic being established in less than two years after King George succeeded his father, King Constantine, after the latter's abdication.

Central Press

AT A RECENT MEET

The Queen of Spain photographed at the recent meet of the Albrighton at Trysull Manor. She is seen here with her host, Lord Ednam, who is a Joint-Master of the Albrighton

A Duke in Sicily

So far, it would seem that the terrible eruption of Mount Etna has not affected the estate of Maniace, which belongs to Sir Alexander Nelson Hood, who was Private Secretary to the Queen when Princess of Wales, and Her Majesty's Treasurer for ten years after the accession. Maniace was given to Lord Nelson by King Ferdinand of Naples after the great admiral had restored him to his throne. At the same time he created Nelson Duke of Bronté, the name being taken from a town near Maniace.

There is a fine old castle built round two courtyards, and under Sir Alexander's management the estate has become one of the most profitable in the region. Nelson never saw his duchy or his castle. At his death it went to his brother, from whom it was inherited by a daughter. This daughter married the second Lord Bridport, and at her death Bronté went to her son, the first Viscount Bridport, and Sir Alexander's father.

During his father's lifetime Sir Alexander took over the management of the estate. Until then little or nothing had been done to develop it, although the volcanic soil made it highly productive. Now it is famous for its oranges and wine. The Castello di Maniace and the estate lie upon the western slope of Mount Etna, on the opposite side to the line of havoc and destruction caused by the eruption. In Sicily Sir Alexander Nelson Hood is Duke of Bronté, but he does not use the title in England.

Age and the Cinema

It rarely happens that a man of twenty-eight has an heir aged ninety-four, but this was the case of the Marquess of Donegall until the recent death of his uncle, Lord FitzWarrine Chichester.

The explanation of this unusual disparity is that Lord Donegall's father, the fifth marquess, married for the third time when he was eighty. Lord Donegall was born in the following year and succeeded before he was twelve months old. Lord FitzWarrine Chichester lived in four reigns, having been born when William IV was on the throne.

He had a breezy, vigorous personality, and on occasion could express himself with a directness and force which were most certainly more in vogue in his young days than they are in our own. Although extremely conservative, he was immediately captured by the films, and no "film fan" could have been a more constant attendant at the cinema.

Lord Donegall is still unmarried, and his heir is now Lord FitzWarrine's eldest son, Mr. Severne Chichester, who is sixty-seven.

Hay Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON

Whose husband, formerly Viscount Petersham, succeeded to the title on the death of the ninth Earl, which occurred recently at his seat, Elvaston Castle, near Derby. The present Earl served throughout the War in the 15th Hussars

Bassano

THE HON. ALISON HORE-RUTHVEN

The third daughter of Major-General Lord Ruthven and Lady Ruthven. Her fiancé, Mr. John Leighton Barran, is the eldest son of Sir John and Lady Barran, of Sawley Hall, Yorkshire, and Eaton Square

Douglas

MISS JOCELYN WYLDBORE-SMITH

Whose engagement to Mr. John Floyd, the brother of Sir Henry Floyd, has been announced. She is the elder daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Wyldbore-Smith

SOME ENGAGEMENTS

Lenare

MISS CYNTHIA NOBLE

Who is to marry Mr. Gladwyn Jebb, of the Diplomatic Service. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Noble, of Kent House, Knightsbridge, S.W.

The Blue Ball

Lady Tree is the chairman of the Committee, and will receive the guests at the Blue Ball which takes place on November 28 at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. I recommend this ball to your consideration. Its object is most helpful. Lady Violet Astor, Elizabeth Lady Cheylesmore, Viscountess Falmouth, Lady Sassoon, Lady Inchiquin, and Lady Zia Wernher are amongst the members of an influential committee. Tickets, which include a cabaret, supper, and buffet, cost 35s., and these are to be obtained from the Ball Secretary, Byron House, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

Treasures in Bank Cellars

A recent sale of old silver, which had been kept in the strong-rooms of banks for years upon years, brings the question up again as to the value of plate and jewellery which have been placed with banks for safe keeping and have never been claimed. At one time it was seriously suggested that the question

Angus Faith

MISS DOROTHY SYKES

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moore Sykes, of Melbourne, Australia. She is to marry Mr. R. Bryne, 3rd Cavalry, Indian Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Bryne, of Monte Carlo

AND A WEDDING

Hay Wrightson

MISS MARGARET CRICHTON

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton, of Hampstead. Her fiancé is Dr. Robert Thomson, of Harley Street

should be taken up by Parliament and some Act be passed which would place unclaimed treasures of this kind at the disposal of the Government. But nothing came of it.

The position of the banks with regard to valuables placed in their keeping is extremely difficult. The fullest proof must be forthcoming that no heir to the depositor exists before any box can be opened.

A good many years ago the directors of Coutts Bank were greatly concerned as to what should be done with some boxes which had been deposited with them by French refugees after the Revolution. They had lain in the bank unclaimed for nearly a century. Finally, with the hope of being able to trace the descendants of the original owners, one of the boxes was opened. It contained a dried-up cake!

A novelist could build you a thrilling story upon that cake. Perhaps if he made his villain remove the heroine's jewels from the box on the eve of her flight from France, replacing them with a cake, he would be telling you exactly what happened.

I don't know whether the other boxes have been opened since, but the then directors were so perturbed by the appearance of the cake that they went no further.

A bank cellar is the safest place in the world—except for pearls. A Scottish nobleman, devoted to his wife, sent all her jewels to his bank when she died. He survived her nearly fifty years. When his son took the jewels from the bank a very valuable pearl necklace had become so discoloured that it was a question of its being worn in that condition or being "scaled." Either way its value was gone. Pearls must have light and warmth; that is why some women who own valuable pearl necklaces wear them night and day.

Hay Wrightson

MISS PEGGY FASS

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fass, of Foxhill Inkpen, Berks, and Chelsea. Her fiancé, Mr. Frank Logan, is the eldest son of Sir Ewen and Lady Logan, of Livingstone, Sir Rowen being Chief Justice of Northern Rhodesia

Count Albert Mensdorff

NOBODY was more amazed by the outbreak of the War than Count Albert Mensdorff, the then Austrian Ambassador. Like the German Ambassador, the late Prince Lichnowsky, he had been kept completely in the dark. He had been for so many years at the Embassy in Belgrave Square, and had become such a figure in London Society, that possibility of change had never occurred to him or to anybody else. During the War he worked for the Red Cross in Vienna, but was always longing to get back to England, and I have always understood that when diplomatic relations were resumed, offered himself for his old post. However, Baron Franckenstein was sent instead.

Since the War Count Albert Mensdorff has paid several visits to this country, but his inclusion in the party at Sandringham last week is not to be taken as having anything to do with his former official position. He is related to the King and in the Royal Family is called "Cousin Bertie Mensdorff."

L.N.A.

AFTER THE WEDDING

Sir John Milbanke and Lady Loughborough leaving the church after their wedding. They were married at the Chapel of the Savoy last week

How it Arose

MYSELF, I always thought that "go to Jericho" was a "refined" Victorianism for telling people to go to a very different place. But during a week-end visit to the country I learnt that it dates back to the time of Charles II. One of the guests, learned in these matters, told us that we actually owe the expression to the amorous proclivities of that monarch.

It seems that in those days not far from Newmarket was a house called Jericho Hall, belonging to a family called Preston. The daughter of that house was a great beauty. Charles, when at Newmarket, used to ride over and woo the lady ardently but quite unsuccessfully,

AN IRISH SHOOT *Topical*

Some of those who took part in the shoot recently given by Lord Massereene at Antrim. The group comprises Mr. N. Clarke (left), Mr. C. Mackean, the Rt. Hon. J. Milne Barbour, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, the Rt. Hon. Herbert Dixon, Capt. Lyle and Commander Clark

British Illus.

OUT WITH THE GUNS

Major Mackenzie and the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston photographed at a recent shoot. It was held on the latter's estate at Hackwood Park

sometimes staying for the whole day. When he was absent on these wooing expeditions and anyone at Newmarket asked his courtiers, "Where is the King?" the answer was, "Go to Jericho!" which to those who did not know of the existence of Jericho Hall and the beautiful Miss Preston told the truth whilst very effectually concealing it.

The Ruthven Twins

THE devoted partnership between Lord Ruthven's twin daughters, the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven, which led to their dressing alike and being inseparable, will, I suppose, be ended by the engagement of Miss Alison Hore-Ruthven to Mr. John Leighton Barran, the eldest son of Sir John Barran, a Yorkshire baronet. It used to be difficult to distinguish "t'other from which."

The sisters were ardent amateur actresses and dancers, and two years ago took the stage so seriously that they went into the chorus of a pantomime at Golders Green, and somebody told me, although I won't vouch for the truth of it, that they did a "turn" at some music-halls.

Their father, Lord Ruthven, who retired from the military command of London early this year, has had a most distinguished career in the Army. The history of his barony is unique in the peerage. The patent was given by Charles II, but a century later it was burnt in a fire which destroyed the family house at Freeland, and no one knew its exact terms.

During three centuries the holders of the peerage have been summoned to each coronation, but the College of Heralds refused to recognise the Lords Ruthven as peers. They were considered "claimants." This went on until the situation was definitely fixed by the creation of Lord Ruthven's father as a peer of the United Kingdom, which took place nine years ago.

A Royal Engagement

THE announcement of the engagement of Prince Christopher of Greece to the Princesse Françoise of Orléans recalls the interesting fact that his first wife was the only American who has been a Royal Highness. Americans have been Highnesses and Serene Highnesses by their marriages—the late Princess Hohenlohe and Princess Hatzfeldt are instances—but Mrs. Leeds, an enormously wealthy widow, was the first, and so far the only, American woman who had the royal style of H.R.H.

Mrs. Leeds was the widow of Mr. W. B. Leeds, who had made a prodigious fortune in America by the manufacture of tin plates. Unkind people used to call her "The Tin Plate Queen." But she was the most kindly, hospitable soul, and a handsome woman too. She took Ken Wood at Hampstead after the Grand Duke Michael of Russia had to give it up, and she also rented Spencer House in St. James's, which is now a ladies' club.

AT THE OXFORD UNION *Topical*

A group of officers of the Oxford Union with King George of Greece, seen third from the right, at the debate opened by the last named, that "This House prefers an athletic to an æsthetic education," the motion being lost by 49 votes. The President of the Union, Mr. S. Stopford Brooke, is seen on the King's left

THE FIRST HUNT OF THE SEASON *Central News*

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles made her first appearance with hounds this season when the Bramham Moor met at Seacroft. In the photograph she is seen going to the first covert with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles

Being a Royal Prince all that Prince Christopher could offer was a morganatic marriage. This Mrs. Leeds flatly declined, and she went on declining until Prince Christopher's brother, the late King Constantine of Greece, agreed that she should take Prince Christopher's rank on marriage. So she became a Royal Highness. But it was only for three years. She died in London after seeing the abdication of her brother-in-law, King Constantine, and his son driven from the throne by the creation of the Greek Republic.

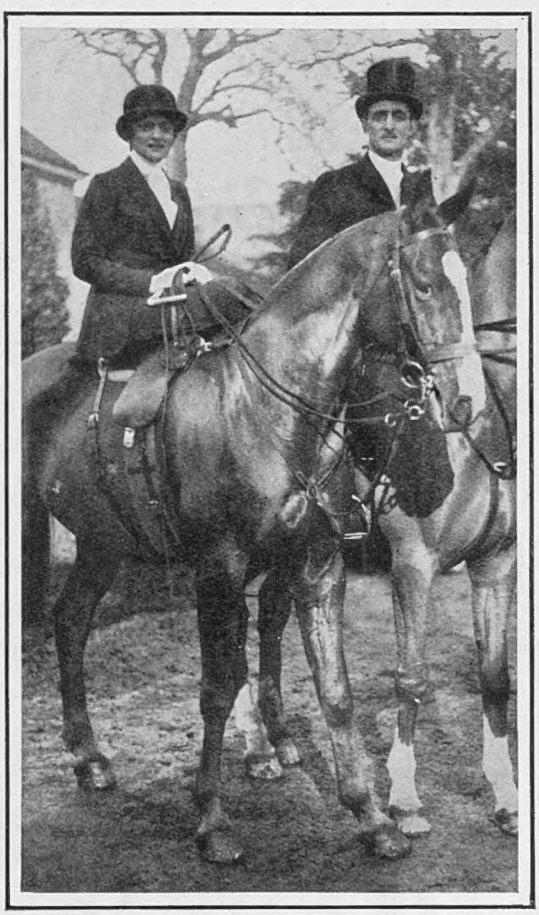
Her son by her first marriage married the Princess Xenia of Russia, who now is known as Mrs. W. B. Leeds.

The Princesse Françoise d'Orléans is a daughter of the Duke de Guise, who had to leave his delightful Château du Nouvion-en-Thièrache, in the Aisne, and go into exile in Belgium when he succeeded his cousin, the late Duke of Orléans, as Pretender to the throne of France. He went into exile because he refused to renounce the Orléans claim to the French monarchy.

During his five years of widowhood Prince Christopher of Greece has lived in Rome, and I hear that he and his bride will make their home in his charming villa there.

At Lincoln's Inn

WHEN His Majesty and the Queen visit Lincoln's Inn to-morrow, Thursday, to reopen the Old Hall there, the ceremony will be of a simple character, for the King is a Bencher of the Inn, and therefore the procedure will be of a domestic rather than a spectacular nature. The Old Hall, where Their Majesties will be received by Sir Thomas Hughes, K.C., the Treasurer of the Inn, and a large number of the Benchers, is a building of more than usual interest to the antiquary, and after the long and careful rebuilding it has undergone now stands as a very fine example of mediæval architecture. Suffice it to say that when the Society of Lincoln's Inn was established in the fifteenth century the building was standing, and seventy years later was adopted for the use of the Benchers and was known as the Old Hall.



Topical

WITH THE QUORN

The Maharanee of Cooch Behar, who has become an enthusiastic rider to hounds, at the Quorn's meet at Beeby. With her is Major Jung

British Illus.

A NEW MASTER

Mr. A. E. G. Guinness, M.F.H., with his daughter, Miss Barbara Guinness, at the opening meet of the Grafton at Easton Neston, Towcester Mr. Guinness has taken over the Joint-Mastership of this pack with Major V. D. S. Williams this season

The Old Hall

SOME antiquaries maintain that it formed part of the London mansion which was erected on this site in 1227 by Ralph Neville, the Bishop of Chichester, whose name is associated with the neighbouring Bishop's Court and Chichester Rents leading from Chancery Lane to the purlieus of the Inn, but, be this as it may, there is no gainsaying its importance as an historical landmark.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

WELL, children, Parliament is upon us, winter approaches, and the girls are wearing their evening frocks to their ankles, so all ways the outlook is not so bright. Indeed, as we look around our little London, with the Socialists hammering for power, and our friends for a drink, we seem to think we'd better leave before they knock the whole place down.

A BLONDE young man who says he knows all about Society told the editor of one of our million-salers that he was one of Tallulah Bankhead's greatest friends, and could give them the inside story of one of her famous parties. But the editor is still waiting for that story. For the young man is still waiting for the invitation.

WE saw Lord Erleigh in a new car the other evening returning from his labours at the Bar. Erleigh is the son of that great statesman and lawyer, the Marquess of Reading. We like the story, which is doubtless untrue, of how the son went out to dine on the night of his father's preferment. Said his friend: "You may think you're early, but you're really damned late." The new car, by the way, had six wheels and seats all over the place. You see, we were on the bus as well.

AS we were sitting in our night club the other morning, with cocoa foaming on our lips and broken milk-jugs all around, somebody suggested we should carry flasks as they do in America. In fact, it is surprising that our silversmiths have not started to make a fortune out of this very essential equipment for interior decorators. You cannot carry with you the best of night-club drinks, which is beer, but you can slip into your hip pocket the little spirit that turns the soda to a lively amber. Awful breakers of the peace we seem to be advocating! But we hate to see all those Americans spending their money in francs when they might well be spending it in pounds, but for our fear of being unfaithful to D.O.R.A.

Max on the Mat

I WAS just writing out a nice little invitation to Al Smith to see if he wouldn't come over here and stand as a good - honest - to - God anti - D.O.R.A. candidate when the Interview Department called up. We're always a bit wary of the Interview Department, so I said right away: "We're awfully, awfully sorry, but we're awfully all out." However, I might just as well have said nothing at all.

"Max Beerbohm's in Town. Will you go along and talk to him?"

"Who's ——I mean, why?"

"Well, he always refuses to see anybody, and he's seldom in England, and he's just done some new caricatures and ——"

"Elsie Janis does 'em every evening in the Adelphi, won't she do instead? Anyway, why don't you go yourself?" I cried.

"We're having tea with Tallulah Bankhead ——"

"Oh, of course, if it's business before pleasure." So angrily assuming the editorial hat we leapt into the Strand.

ON awakening, the taximan said it would be 2*s.* 6*d.*, and suggested walking the rest of the way, it might be quicker. It was. The editorial card was produced, accepted, and the pageboy departed.

"Number one three two. One three two," piped the penetrating falsetto.

What was that? Max, the immaculate, the superlative, the—called one three two. Oh no, that were sacrilege. It was vandalism. It was indecent. It suggested Communism, convicts, worse, the Cromwell Road. Our dapper, dimpling, delightful Mr. Beerbolm with the distinctive dabs of white militarism above his gentle lip, and the benignant dabs of grey white above his ears, as Number one three two, oh, no, it was diabolic. The boy's voice grew indistinct. A chair; a wait. Questions. Interview Department always asks questions. A lady, large, in black, approached. Perhaps Mrs. Beerbohm, perhaps a secretary. No, only a railway guide in search of. Questions, questions . . .

"HOW d'you do, Mr. Beerbohm. Yes, I apologise, I know you never give interviews, but I've come to know if you won't make an exception. They all do, yes, I suppose so, but you see, as always, Mr. Beerbohm, you've set a style. Everybody's refusing to be interviewed. Even Mr. Shaw hasn't spoken for a week. And if everybody goes on saying nothing there won't be any newspapers. What? That might almost persuade you to come back to London. Oh, Mr. Beerbohm! Well, after that, will you tell us, please, why you always

By David Wilson

OUR "ÆTNA"

stay in a railway hotel? That boy, that page, was calling out the most awful figures just now. One three two, one three two. It was brutal, it might be dangerously misleading to an unscrupulous interviewer. And neither you nor the Duke of Connaught is as old as that, are you? Perhaps it's the sound of the fast trains reminds you of the tideless Mediterranean at Rapallo? And, dear Mr. Beerbohm, in your new book about the Dragon of London, had you in mind the forbear of Lady —you-knowhoimean? What's that, Dragons never climb so high. Oh, delightful. Quite Zuleiherish, if I may say so. Excuse me while I make a note. Thank you. And, Mr. Beerbohm, after the tranquility of the Italian Riviera, how d'you find London? Via Dover and Calais. Oh! Whistlerish, wildish, I might say. And what will the exhibition be composed of, Mr. Beerbohm? Just selections from your Victorian repertoire. I see, or at least I shall hope to at the Leicester Galleries. And would you call Mr. Shaw a Victorian? No? Only a Vegetarian. Forgive my laughter. I think I suffer from an occasional rush of America to the head, I've such a dry sense of humour. And will you ever go back to the stage, no, forgive me, I was confusing the family tree, I meant, if you were a dramatic critic again, as years ago you once were, what show would you go and see? The Leicester Galleries? Oh, Mr. Beerbohm, you overwhelm me, I must be going, yes, thank you so much, so much . . .

"I'm sorry, sir, Mr. Beerbohm cannot see you." The pageboy returned the editorial card and lingers for editorial remumeration. So we jammed on the editorial hat and swept out through the swing doors. But did I see, did I see, an elfin figure with large head and startled eyes scuttling away back the corridor. Perhaps. Anyway, the Interview Department can go to—Elsie Janis.

By Hynes

MR. MAX BEERBOHM

The Lost Leaders

Some surprise has been expressed that neither the Leader of the Labour Party nor the Leader of the Liberal Party was present at the Ceremony held at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day. It cannot be said that the absence of the right honourable gentlemen in question was commented on or even noticed by more than an infinitesimal number of the vast concourse, but to a few of those present their absence was not altogether a surprise. Mr. Lloyd George found that the claims of his native Criccieth were too strong to be gainsaid, whilst Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was indisposed on November 11, although he hoped to be back in the House on the Monday. I am sure no one regretted their enforced absence more than these two gentlemen. The fact that there was said to have been some slight question of precedence at last year's ceremony which annoyed the Leaders of the Opposition Parties was, of course, merely one of those unfortunate coincidences which are always cropping up in this life. Indeed, anyone at all familiar with the mentality of the politician would not need to give the affair a second thought. Still, some people will say *anything!*

By "The Tout"

THE WINNERS OF 1923

Lord Derby heads the list of winning owners again this season, his best horse being Fairway, who alone has picked up £29,000, whilst Frank Butters, as the Stanley House trainer, is of course on top of the winning trainers list. Gordon Richards is out by himself as the champion jockey of the season whilst Harry Wragg and Freddie Fox, although a long way behind him, are his nearest attendants

Racing Notions

By CARBINE

Why this Fuss ?

I NOTICE a tendency in some of the papers severely to criticise the members of the Racecourse Betting Control Board because they have not yet come to any definite decisions. What is all the fuss about? The Board has an exceedingly difficult job, and I am all for giving its members plenty of time to get a grasp of the problems which confront them. If they take a year over their decisions, who shall worry so long as they do not do the wrong thing? You have to remember that the Control Board has been allotted the task of revolutionising betting in this country. They have charge of one of the biggest things which ever happened in racing, and no doubt they realise as clearly as other people do that a false move to start with might be fatal to the interests of automatic betting in England.

The Right "Tote"

TWO of their most important tasks will be to find the right type of Totalisator, and to fix a suitable percentage. The former should not be a difficult matter. The Board will be fortunate if it can find an improvement on the machine which has been in operation all this year at Longchamp. Sir Reginald Blair, who acted as Chairman of the Board pending the return from India of Sir Clement Hindley, has recently stated that the expert advisers of the Board have viewed no fewer than fifteen "Tote" machines. I, too, have seen the models of a number of different machines, and of them all the one which has stood the test of practical service makes most appeal to me. I expect it will be the same with the members of the Board, but nobody can blame them for seeking to find, if they can, a better type even than that in action on the premier French racecourse.

Percentage Question

THE question of the deduction to be taken from the Totalisator is one which will have to be gone into with the utmost care. I wrote on this point in my Notes many weeks ago. Plenty of people, including the Aga Khan, firmly believe that the only chance of making the "Tote" a real success in this country is to keep the percentage low. "Make it 5 per cent. and the 'tote' will get the bulk of the betting," says the Aga Khan, and I am convinced that he is right. The chief doubt is whether the machine could be profitably operated at so low a rate of deduction, but the apparently unanswerable argument is being used that it is better to take 5 per cent. from £1,000 than 10 per cent. from £300. One reason why the Betting Control Board has not seen fit to publish any definite announcements since its establishment is that its Chairman did not arrive home until a few weeks ago. It would have been discourteous to him, as well as out of order, if the other members of the Board had taken any decisive steps until Sir Clement Hindley's return.

Sir Clement's Task

THINGS will move more quickly now that he has taken up his appointed post. Last week the appointment of a secretary to the Board was announced in the person of Major J. R. Chambers, who has served in much the same capacity in connection with Government Commissions and Committees of Inquiry. His appointment makes the Control Board look more than ever like a Government body, and somebody of more practical experience will have to be secured to manage the automatic betting on the racecourse. Sir C. Hindley has proved himself a most capable and broad-minded organiser in his important work for the railways in India, and I do not believe the job he has now taken over will prove too much for him. He will not please many people, however, if he is persuaded by other members of the Board to give the old-fashioned Pari Mutuel system a run in this country.

Closing Days

THE days of the flat-racing campaign are numbered, and Manchester and Lingfield will witness its closing scenes on Saturday. At least that will be the case if sport is not spoilt by the fog, which usually has to be reckoned with at this late stage of the season. I never go up to the November Meeting at Manchester without expecting a clouded view of the racing on one or another of its days, but we had a remarkable experience there a year ago. The November Handicap was run in delightful summer-like weather, and when the news came through that the Lingfield meeting on the same afternoon had been abandoned on account of fog there were shrieks of merriment in the Manchester enclosures. The handicapper has set us a pretty problem in the big handicap, and I shall endeavour to solve it by going for a three-year-old who has not previously taken part in a race of this sort, and, what is more, will be carrying a 7 lb. penalty. I refer to **Saracen.** I was much impressed by the style in which he scored at Newmarket a few weeks ago. Another selection is **Lommern** for the Lancashire Nursery on Friday, while at Lingfield **Blancona** may win the Finale Handicap.

AT ERIDGE CASTLE *Photo Illustrations*

The Eridge held their opening meet at Eridge Castle, the home of the Marquess of Abergavenny, who has been Master of the pack since 1893. The group seen above includes the Marchioness of Abergavenny, Lady Hastings, the Marchioness of Camden and Lady Irene Cubitt

Out With the Ladies

Poole, Waterford

WITH AN IRISH PACK

Mrs. W. Hall, seen mounted on the right, with her daughters, Mrs. John Alexander (mounted) and Mrs. O. H. Eustace-Duckett, at a recent meet of the Carlow at the Kennels. Mrs. Hall has been Master of the Carlow since 1920

P. and A.

WITH THE BEAUFORT

The Duchess of Beaufort at the opening meet of the famous West Country pack. Hounds met at Bushton

THE Hunting season opened with hopes running high, as foxes are reported to be plentiful in most countries, and determined efforts are being made to deal with the wire difficulty. Ladies were well to the fore at many meets, and some of them are seen on this page

A HOSPITAL CASE

A RUGGER REVERIE

By PENDARVES

A ROUGH AND TUMBLE AFFAIR

A photograph of some dour play during the recent match between Guy's Hospital and Coventry at Honor Oak Park. Coventry won a scrambling game by the rather unusual score of two dropped goals to one dropped goal

COVENTRY were considered by many people—especially the inhabitants of Coventry—to be the best Rugger side in the Midlands when they came to London to deal with Guy's Hospital. So we went down to Honor Oak Park feeling very jaundiced about the medical students' chances, who were said, by high and self-constituted authority, to be a "light, ragged and inexperienced team this year so far." But some of us had seen these very fit and thrustful students play Rugger on all sorts of grounds: and those of us who had, knew that it was not going to be so jolly easy for Coventry, or any other star club side. Nor was it.

THERE are a lot of names in the Guy's XV this season one has never heard of: and some that one has seen on many programmes, such as the brothers Spence, and Myburgh; but collectively, on that day's play, they are a side of very considerable merit. They were shoved off the ball repeatedly by a much heavier pack, and were dragged about by the jersey and stamped on: but with two dropped goals against them and everything looking extremely unpleasant they rose to the occasion in the last ten minutes of a gruelling game with a concerted rally which, for fierceness and pace and pluck, I have not seen equalled for many a season.

TWO matters marred this game, as they often do in sides that are not coached under strong discipline and with great frequency. The ball was seldom put into the scrum properly; and the front-row forwards on both sides refused to get down to it. Consequently one had continual whistle solos from that excellent referee, R. Allport, who was as bored, no doubt, as we were. But, apart from that, I dare swear there was no game in the country that day more alive with incident and individual flashes of brilliance.

TO come to Coventry. They journey about the countryside, apparently, with a gentleman who looks suspiciously like a trainer, but one hopes he isn't. Anyway, he is girt with a bottle of embrocation, and a bottle of something else (lemon juice, no doubt), and a sponge wherewith to wipe the poor fellows' faces: and he runs on to the field at half-time, and up and down the touch-line at other times; and is, no doubt, very efficient. But he seemed to me to strike the wrong note, somehow—I don't know. A hefty lot of forwards, stocky, made of ferro-concrete: nobody can hurt them—I mean no mere doctor, though several tried to. And an embryonic doctor with his blood up is a fearsome adversary. And they have got two most resourceful halves; and some hard-running threes; and an imperturbable full-back. In fact, they are a SIDE.

BUT that rally by Guy's towards the end: that Hospital Hallelujah Chorus, as it were. Gosh! what a splendid sight, and what a lovely memory. The spirit of the Rugby game stalked across that ground.

SUDDENLY and quite unexplainedly the devil takes possession of Guy's. They fight back. They do more than that: they get the ball. The attacking movements become theirs. The enemy is gropingly, and surprisedly, on the defensive. A Guy's man drops a quick and beautiful goal—no matter who: I don't know: I did not care: who cares? Eight minutes to go. Score: 8—4. There is yet time. A try and a converting kick now and we've got 'em. You could see that thought in every man's set face.

BATTLE is joined again—and quickly. Coventry staggers under the concerted weight and ferocity of the attack and gives ground: and continues to give ground. Every Guy's man now is giving his body, brains and spirit to the desperate business. Fatigue and lost causes are forgotten. Guy's are out for blood. Over-zealousness, too frantic an effort, the semi-consciousness of those fierce, loose rushes lost them their goal.

BUT it was the no-side whistle only that saved the opponent and gave him the victory. For Guy's were playing then in a manner which will remain everlastingly to the credit of their Rugger history; and will surely be remembered by those fifteen men with gratification even if they were never to be in a winning side again as long as they played the game.

Sport and General

GETTING IT AWAY

An incident in the recent Rugby League International between England and Wales at Cardiff, in which England won by 29 points to 15. E. Williams, the Welsh half, is seen getting the ball away as the scrum breaks up

In Action on the Rugger Field

Topical

JUMPING FOR IT

A photograph taken during the county match between Hampshire and Kent. Played at Dean Court, Boscombe, it resulted in a win for Kent by 18 points to 15

L.N.A.

AT RICHMOND

C. Palmer, the Richmond player and English International, using his feet to good effect in the match between Richmond and the Harlequins. The visitors won by 11 points to 7. The wet ground and the rain made play difficult

Sport and General

READY FOR HIM

M. E. White (Eastern Counties) about to tackle a Sussex player in the recent match at Worthing. Sussex beat the Eastern Counties by 17 points to 8

ON THE KNEES OF THE GODDESSES

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"Wooing the hand that rocks the ballot-box"

WINTER, Bystander dear, like breach of promise, has compensations; not least for some among us that, whatever gentlemen may say, autumn tints prefer brunettes, and anyone regretting warmer climes can take comfort that in Lido brown and Antibes bronze she has found Nature's own special preparation to tone with trees in the Green Park or Kensington Gardens just now.

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AND furs; for what could Paris have decreed that makes a woman easier to look at than fox? And there's nothing else will make a cheek turn that second time in the Champs Elysées this year of grace. Even the gold-diggers who struck mink last season will have to hunt for Renard if they are to be in the running now. Which is going to be all very difficult for those of our sisters who like their wolf in coney's clothing. "The coney are a feeble folk," and will certainly be very hard put to it to become a fox. Which, now I come to think of it, doesn't refer so much to the deceits of their skins as to what Miss Rose Macaulay called carelessness in "keeping up appearances."

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BUT one thing sufficient to lighten our winter darkness in itself is the return visit of the sunny Astaires in *Funny Face* at Princes Theatre. The show bids fair to have its first night almost weekly, for those who got the Astaire habit last time they were over are remaining faithful, and the *élite* of the Riviera bathing pools haven't missed their one-and-only Leslie Henson more nights in the week, so far, than they can help. The Americans, besides, are coming in good numbers, for the famous Fred and Adèle are among the few New York stars to be equally well known on their own side of the water. How much water, by the way, there still is between the so-called white cousins was brought home to me on the first night by the following. I was going upstairs behind the lithesome Josephine Baker when an American woman passed. Without any attempt at *sotto voce* she said indignantly to her partner: "Didn't know we had Harlem in London." I think everyone who overheard looked equally disconcerted; we couldn't understand for a minute. Perhaps we might understand a lot that puzzles us if we remembered about that Nigger Heaven round the corner of little New York, said to be the biggest nigger city in the world. What with negroes and their red feet, Red Indians whose type makes Chicago aristocrats such gay gunmen, and the odds and ends from the Levant, now you come to think of it God's own country has its social trials—not that I should consider Josephine Baker as other than a blessing. We haven't got it here, so it seldom worries us, but there —"you tell 'em sawdust, you've been through the mill."

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IF the next Cabinet rests on the knees of the goddesses, politicians really ought to get a few useful people to help them to be gay. The fair Aimée McPherson, for example, who was so wickedly kidnapped in California, or Sophie Tucker, or Ronald Squire, all could give them some useful tips. If their very seats will rest on the knees of the goddesses they will soon have to start wooing the hand that rocks the ballot-box. It is a moot point if our pocket Samson's white and ebullient locks—meaning "*that* Lloyd George" as Aunt Louisa will call him—will not gain more feminine votes by the naughty twinkle in his eye than his learned dissertations upon agriculture and the wobbles of Westminster. But if I were Mr. Davidson, of the Central Unionist Office, or any other party wire-puller, I should want to parade prospective candidates as producers do chorus girls, and select them on their looks, deportment, and voice. Believe me, tailors will play a big part in winning or losing seats in the next election, and even a marcel wave on a manly brow may mean thousands of fluttering votes.

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IF Sir William Joynson-Hicks wants to keep busy he might read a lecture to the Lord Chamberlain anent Mr. Pemberton-Billing's new play, *High Treason*. That play may be dirty linen, but it won't wash, which shows again that politicians, except of course Sir Patrick Hastings, can't write plays. On the other hand, something rings very true in the political glimpses of lighter vein that we get in *Those Foreigners*, by C. H. Maude, produced by the Guild Players at the Welbeck Hotel. Here Robert English as Sir Robert Mortlake is the embodiment of all departmental chiefs, and is sketched with a pencil so cunning that it re-

calls things like the inimitable portraiture of the Colonel Bramble books. When the Englishman sat to M. André Maurois he met his great master. And, say what the emancipated may, the woman's place in politics taken by Mlle. Sari Petrass as Erginie is entirely credible. But then, so does she dazzle the stage and her lines that she can make us believe anything of her, as here, indeed, we are meant to do, for is she not a " young person " of no fixed nationality or occupation? Thanks to the Peace Treaties and a regrettable combination of circumstances, more shortly expressed by Sir Robert: " The currency in her country fell and she with it." If it is true, as they tell me, that when Mlle. Petrass followed Lily Elsie in the pre-war world London was divided into two camps, I cannot pretend to be a neutral. Here I consider are the colours the fairy godmother chooses when she weaves for a woman her priceless gift of charm.

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IF you want to put away the cares of the wicked world and see it for once in a while through rose-coloured specs. try a visit to the Château de Madrid. It used to be the Riviera Club, and only just came up the third time when the Thames broke the Embankment last year. Situated as it is in Grosvenor Road, it had a first intimation of the flood from the water coming into the ballrcom! The astonished dancers might have sung like Mr. Noah in his Ark, " I don't care where the water goes, if it doesn't go into the wine." The new curtains and the lighting achieve a wonderful Tangee effect; they start orange, but finish by producing just that tone of rose or pink that you know to be your most becoming. I saw Miss Poppy Baring at full advantage there the other night. A particularly splendid orchid on the shoulder enhanced the view that for this lively lady the Eyes have It. She was wearing black, as was Lady Loughborough (Milbanke now). Fashionable as the colour is for all evening occasions, it nevertheless does not do its share in adding to the gaiety of ballrooms. Which gaiety when it comes to night clubs has been everywhere a little dimmed lately by the high-frequency treatment of the raiding police. That's one thing every new woman voter should make quite clear to her M.P. We'll see to it that Dora gets what she deserves on the knees of the goddesses.

ROSEMARY.

" And furs "

" WHAT is to be the main plank of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's platform? " asks a contemporary. We cannot say, but, whatever the plank is, we expect he will be made to walk it.

" Try a visit to the Château de Madrid "

ANTHONY GREENWAG, PETER ANSTRUTHER, THE HON. MARTIN FITZ-ALAN-HOWARD, THE HON. MARIEGOLD FITZALAN-HOWARD AND LADY MAUREEN NOEL

The Playground of Youth

HYDE PARK on a sunny morning or afternoon proves a happy playground for Society children. Here are some of those who are frequently to be seen enjoying the Park's green vistas and playing those wonderful games of make-believe that the imagination affords in childhood's hour

LADY MARY PRATT

Photographs

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE

Keystone

THE HON. MIRIAM FITZALAN-HOWARD AND THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH

The Riviera Season

PROSPECTS OF THE COMING SEASON

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

A FEW years ago the French Riviera, comparatively deserted in the summer months, welcomed this respite as an opportunity to carry out all kinds of building and public improvements. There is now no dead season, and the Mediterranean coast is so popular all the year round that it is very difficult to find time to let the workmen loose on our main streets without interfering too seriously with the comfort of visitors. In spite of the success of the past summer an enormous amount of work has been effected, and returning visitors will be astonished at the countless changes. Tens of millions of francs have been invested in large and palatial hotels and in other signs of progress, and this speaks volumes for the belief of big business men in the future prosperity of this truly delightful pleasure resort.

SUNSHINE is not always conspicuous by its presence in England during November, but on the Riviera there is no lack of it. Thus during the month of November last year Cannes recorded over 136 hours without feeling that it had accomplished anything out of the ordinary. It is this lavish allowance of winter sunshine and the absence of fogs and snow—apart, of course, from that remarkable downfall of several inches last winter which amazed the natives and, if I remember right, lasted for nearly two days—which makes so irresistible an appeal to those who are able to leave England during the winter months. The exceptional facilities for outdoor sports of many kinds, the countless indoor amusements, and, by no means least, the total absence of Dismal Dora, play their share in attracting pleasure-seekers from Great Britain and most parts of the civilised world.

THE programmes of festivities all along the coast have been issued by the various towns, and are, as usual, longer and more ambitious than their predecessors. Carnivals, battles of flowers, regattas, aquatic sports, races, polo, and automobile meetings are again features of the season. There is golf *ad lib* on many beautiful courses between Hyères and Menton, and although there has been an awkward political hitch in the arrangements for international tennis tournaments on the Riviera, I have little doubt that before these lines appear in print the whole situation will have been cleared up. The Riviera without its tennis tournaments would be unthinkable, and in any case the complete list of events, starting with the Beau-Site tournament at Cannes on December 17 and ending with that at Juan-les-Pins on April 21, has been published and officially approved, and comprises twenty weeks of first-class sport without a day's interval.

Sport and General

AT MANDELIEU

A view of the Cannes golf course photographed from the sixth tee

ALL the casinos along the coast will be open by the end of this month, and in many cases have been thoroughly overhauled and redecorated since last spring. An event to which all Nice is looking eagerly forward is the opening of the new casino on the Promenade des Anglais, created by Mr. Frank Jay Gould, which has been provisionally fixed for the end of December. An enormous sum of money has been spent in an endeavour to make this the most magnificent and most up-to-date casino in Europe, and certainly I have never seen its equal, although the finishing touches have yet to be added.

THE long-famous Riviera Club at Nice has now been transferred to new premises near the Continental Hotel, and will be an even more popular resort among English-speaking visitors than ever. It is under the direction of Colonel and Mrs. Anderson. The Municipal Casino and the Casino Jetée-Promenade are already in full swing, while the Opera House commenced the season on November 6 with Massenet's "Herodiade."

CONTRARY to rumours, the Mirabeau at Monte Carlo is still under the personal ownership of Mr. F. Schipper, and will remain so until 1946. Mr. Schipper is also the owner of Frederic's Palais Mirasol at Juan-les-Pins, which seems one of the most popular restaurants and grill-rooms on the Riviera.

CANNES has changed more than any other town in the South during the past six months, and the whole aspect of the Promenade de la Croisette is altered by the erection of two new and gigantic hotels—the Miramar and the Martinez—and by the addition of a wing to the Hôtel Majestic. At the point of the Croisette is the new Summer Casino, now rapidly approaching completion, and announced to open at the end of next April. It occupies a commanding position and is evidently going to be a remarkably fine affair.

THE Sporting Club, with its handsome baccarat rooms, its Gondola night club, and its enlarged and improved theatre, has been going strong for some weeks past, and the Municipal Casino is to open as usual on December 1. Under the active direction of M. Wyngarde and a new Comité des Fêtes, Cannes is planning a very attractive and novel list of events, one of them likely to be of international importance—but I must not give any details yet, as several famous men are being approached for their personal support.

THE Golf Club at Mandelieu opened at the beginning of November, and the Cannes Country Club at Mougins, which this year has a new secretary in the person of Mr. Dennett Barry, for many years associated with the Golf Club at Le Touquet, will be ready for play on December 1.

FAMILIES thinking of coming out to Cannes will be interested to hear that in addition to the Cours Maintenon, which always numbers many English and American pupils, there is to be a branch of the MacJannet School, well known in Paris and Saint-Cloud, which, by arrangement with the Château des Broussailles, will have its own branch in Cannes, run on American lines.

A.S.A.

ABOVE NICE

A general view of Nice showing the harbour. The photograph was taken from the Château du Mont Boron

THE polo season at Mandelieu looks like creating once more a new record, for accommodation has been reserved for a large number of ponies belonging to famous players from many countries, and the race meeting early next year will again be one of the largest and most important in the whole of France.

MONTE CARLO, which is never dull, is springing into renewed activity as the winter days approach—or what pass for winter days in the south—and many improvements will be noted by its *habitués* when they take their first morning stroll in the sunshine. The Hôtel de Paris, the Hermitage, the Café de Paris, and the associated places of refreshment, such as the bar of the Sporting Club, are now under the management of what is generally known as the Carlton Group from Cannes, with Mr. Revelly as manager, and they have all been brought up to date and greatly improved. Monte Carlo is always renowned for its wonderful musical attractions, and the Opera Season, which begins on January 24, should beat all records. Among the new productions are Henry Bataille's "La Femme Nue," with music by Henry Fevrier, and "Guerre et Amour," by Wilder, to be given on the Schubert Centenary. The Russian Ballet will also be seen during the winter under the direction of Serge Diaghileff, and symphony concerts and light music on the terraces will help to cater for the music-lovers who flock to this quaint little principality and do *not* spend all their time in the casino.

THERE will be plenty of music also at Menton, where the Municipal Orchestra is resuming its daily concerts on the Promenade du Midi. The Grand Casino opened this month, and the Municipal Casino, with a long list of attractions, will open in December. The Carnival is, of course, the feature of the month of February, while regattas, tennis, and croquet are on the customary scale, and bridge is the main indoor recreation of our colony here.

SAINT RAPHAEL, with its neighbour, Valescure, nestling among those glorious pine-woods a mile or so inland, is looking forward to a very flourishing season, and it is understood that the Grand Casino will be in future under the management of an English group of financiers. The coastline between here and Toulon, with its charming little resorts like Beauvallon, Saint-Maxime, Saint-Tropez, and the rest, continues to develop at an amazing speed, thanks largely to the initiative of Mr. W. F. King, who is the centre of all local enterprise and an invaluable asset to the British residents and visitors.

AT CANNES

FARTHER along is Hyères, the most southerly of the Riviera towns, with the noted golfing resort of Costebelle adjoining, and visitors were arriving much earlier than usual this autumn. The Grand Casino, after much work on the part of decorators and landscape gardeners, is to open its doors shortly, and in the meantime there is endless delight for visitors in the picturesque country around and in the Golden Isles, which are among the most beautiful places on the Mediterranean.

SPACE will not permit of more than a passing reference to all the many resorts between the larger towns, such as Juan-les-Pins and Cap d'Antibes, which are almost too well known now to need mention; to La Napoule, Theoule, Agay, and the other places on the red rocks between Saint Raphael and Cannes; to Grasse, with its perfume industry and its panoramic views over the whole coast; or to Cap Ferrat, Cap d'Ail, Villefranche, and the rugged coast which lies under the Grande Corniche between Nice and Menton. So great is the popularity of the Riviera that it would be hard to find one single street in its many towns which did not contain something new since last spring, or a single hotel which had not at least added half a dozen glittering bathrooms or a new American bar.

WE have had the inevitable autumn rainy spell, and the downfall for some days was so heavy that it temporarily disorganised the water supply and the electric light, both of which come from the mountains inland, but these are troubles which are soon overcome, and anyone looking for a peaceful winter in a mild climate, within an easy train journey or a motor run of London and Paris, may with confidence secure rooms by the Blue Mediterranean. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who ought to know something about our climate, spends at least six months out here in his comfortable villa on Cap Ferrat, and he arrived towards the latter part of October, looking as alert, as cheery, and as distinguished as ever, and obviously delighted to be in the sunny south again. We could desire no finer advertisement than this, and natives and foreign visitors alike are proud to count him among the most faithful of British residents.

D. W. T.

MISS AUDREY HARRIS AND MR. TOMKIN

The Hunt Ball Season Opens

The Suffolk chose a date very early in the season for their Hunt Ball, which was held at the Athenæum, Bury St. Edmunds. It was a very cheery function and some of the dancers are seen on this page

A GROUP COMPRISING MISS A. E. KENT, MISS M. D. KENT, MISS N. KENT, MR. T. H. HUNTER-BLAIR, MR. D. W. BUCKNELL, MR. E. THISTLETON-SMITH, MISS J. SIMONS, MISS M. KING, MR. G. W. KING AND MISS P. GOLDSMITH

Photographs

IN THIS GROUP ARE MISS LYNCH, MISS D. REID, MISS CELIA SMART, MISS THISTLETON-SMITH MR. H. O. WEBB, MR. T. C. EATON, M.F.H., AND MR. CLAIGH BROUSON

British Illus.

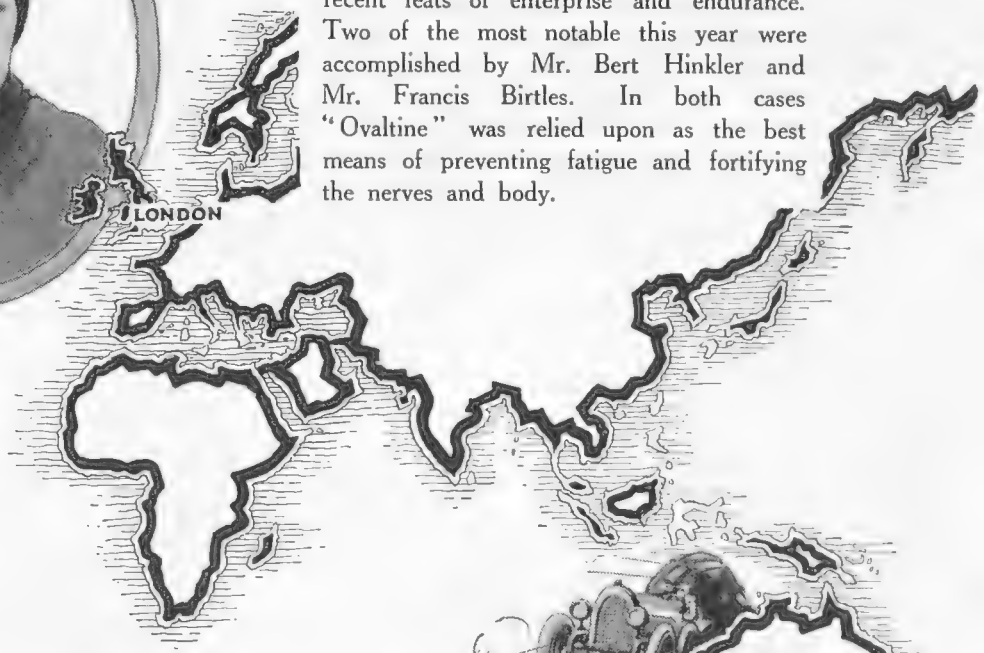
MRS. WILSON, MISS HALES, MR. H. H. WILSON AND MR. A. C. BRYCE-SMITH

By Car and Aeroplane to Australia!

Two Notable feats

THAT the spirit of adventure still burns brightly in the hearts of British men and women is abundantly proved by many recent feats of enterprise and endurance. Two of the most notable this year were accomplished by Mr. Bert Hinkler and Mr. Francis Birtles. In both cases "Ovaltine" was relied upon as the best means of preventing fatigue and fortifying the nerves and body.

Mr. Bert Hinkler flew from London to Australia in the record time of 16 days—an average of more than 700 miles per day being flown.



Mr. Francis Birtles' journey by motor-car from London to Australia occupied nine months, during which he travelled 16,000 miles.

The reason why "Ovaltine" is selected whenever vitality and endurance are essential to success is because this delicious food-beverage supplies concentrated nourishment which creates abundant strength and energy, and builds up brain, nerve and body.

"Ovaltine" assists the athlete and sportsman to keep nerves and body at "concert pitch." It also enables all engaged in mental or physical work to maintain their health and abilities at the highest level of efficiency.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain. Nerve and Body

Obtainable throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/-, and 3/9 per tin.

P.496

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

LORD DALHAMPTON and his bride are honeymooning somewhere on the Riviera, but their chronic impecuniosity does not prevent them from living in the style to which they have been accustomed. The consequence is that the grounds of their hotel are invaded by an angry chorus of creditors, who flourish their accounts-rendered in his lordship's face while they sing in unison "Down with the Rich!" This, however, is a slogan that comes a little late in the day, since the Rich are never tired of protesting that they are already down—and out.

Produced October 24, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THE great song of the evening is "Roll Away Clouds," a negro spiritual rendered by Mr. Walter Richardson, a gentleman of colour, assisted by a chorus of "darkies," the ladies among whom are certainly not so black as they have been painted. Mr. Richardson has a truly magnificent voice, and when he and his full-throated chorus get to the Glory, Glory part of the song, those people in the audience who seem to visit the theatre only for the purpose of discussing their domestic experiences with each other are obliged to keep silent since they cannot hear themselves speak in the overwhelming torrent of fervent melody. This spiritual, which is given with full scenic effect, may perhaps have been inspired by the gratifying success of an effort of the same kind in another place, though, as Mrs. Malaprop might have said on such an occasion, comparisons are malodorous.

THE story concerns a bright young peer, Lord Dalhampton (Mr. Harold French), who had the chance to marry a millionaire's daughter for her money, but chose for his wife instead, the girl with whom he happened to be in love. Another case of youthful indiscretion, I suppose. The new Lady Dalhampton (Miss Marjorie Gordon) was formerly a popular actress, and as such was traditionally destined to become a peeress in the ordinary course. Popular actresses, however, are not usually renowned for their frugal and thrifty ways, and as Lord Dalhampton also appears to have been a firm believer in the creed that money was made to be spent, the young people soon find themselves suffering from acute financial stringency. The position is melodiously explained to us by Mr. French and Miss Gordon in a tuneful duet entitled "Living Hand-to-Mouth." Or, as Lord Dalhampton puts the matter, it will be a case of love in a cottage without the cottage.

THEN Mr. Silas B. Hock, a typical stage American millionaire, arrives on the Azure Coast in search of a penurious peer as a husband for his lively daughter Virginia. He sees his chance in this angry gathering of Lord Dalhampton's creditors, and at once offers to settle all outstanding accounts in full. Lord Dalhampton can then become the son-in-law with a title that Mr. Hock is seeking. Lord Dalhampton explains that the flaw in the programme happens to be the fact that he is already married. But a detail like that is a mere circumstance to a man like Silas B. Hock. It may be true that everything comes to him who waits, but if it does not come quickly enough to an American millionaire, he goes out and fetches it. If Lord Dalhampton is already married, he will have to be divorced, and that is all there is to it. The divorce will be quite an easy matter as the rest of the play is located in the United States, where, one gathers, marriages, like Prohibition and pie-crusts, are made to be broken.

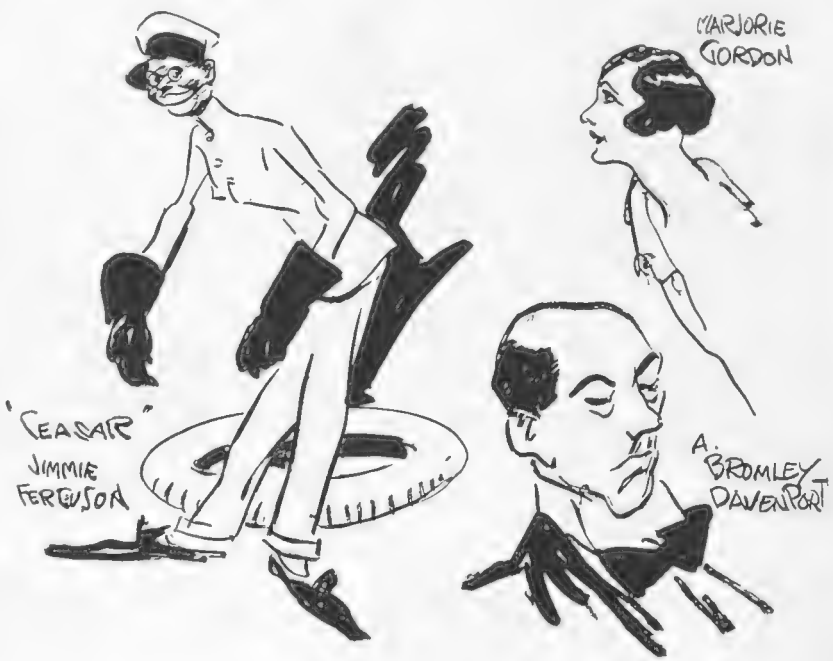
THEN Lady Dalhampton voices the sentimental side of the situation in an appealing song, "Dreams of Yesterday," a theme that she takes up again later in the evening, its repetition being amply justified by its delicate charm. Lady Dalhampton is made to realise, by a rather sad lack of taste on the part of her husband's trustee, that, but for her intervention, Lord Dalhampton might have married a millionaire's daughter, and now be living in luxury on his wife's father's income. Her ladyship thereupon declares magnanimously that she loves her husband so much that she will not stand in the way of his financial prosperity, but will leave him at once. I have often heard true love spoken of as an excuse for marriage, but I do not seem to have previously met it as a reason for divorce.

AS it happens, Mr. Hock's daughter Virginia has already been secretly married to Nicholas Ninnijohn, her father's secretary, so that in this instance the eternal triangle becomes more like the square on the hypotenuse. Virginia could, of course, stop the proceedings by breaking the news of her secret marriage to her father, but such a step would be rather cruel, as it would break up the plot at the same time. So the divorce between Lord and Lady Dalhampton is duly secured, and arrangements for Virginia's marriage are set on foot without protest. Furthermore, Mr. Hock, who is not a man to do things by halves, decides that Ninnijohn shall marry the divorced Lady Dalhampton.

THE fun of the piece, which is copious and hearty, is carried on chiefly by Mr. George Gee as Ninnijohn and Miss Emma Haig as the sportive Virginia. These two begin with the natural advantage of a risible difference of stature, Mr. Gee being over the average height, while Miss Haig is several decimal points below. As Virginia, Miss Haig speaks her sparkling lines with agreeable clearness, and an obvious appreciation of their humour. Her stock complaint is that she is a wife in name only, having parted from her husband at the registry office door, after he had paid his seven and sixpence and signed away his liberty. Later in the evening this versatile and engaging little lady drops her comic pose for a while and very literally springs herself upon us as a fluffy dancer of the Taglioni school.

THE scenes that are laid in Virginia are quite a triumph of landscape effect. The first is Mr. Hock's cotton plantation, with an ingenious transformation from darkness to sunrise. And then we have the Blue Grass Country, which I have hitherto associated always with someone's Old Kentucky Home; but no doubt Mr. Hock's extensive property reaches out into the next State. Mr. Hock is represented by Mr. John Kirby in a richly humorous vein; while the chorus has been trained to a rare degree of excellence. The production as a whole promises to enjoy the usual success that we have come to associate with the Palace Theatre.

JINGLE.



From Cathay to "Piccadilly"

Fred Daniels

ANNA MAY WONG

The attractive Chinese actress, who plays a leading rôle in the new British super-film "Piccadilly," now being produced by Mr. E. A. Dupont for British International Pictures Ltd. She plays the part of a little Chinese scullery-maid who rises to fame and fortune through her dancing

by Yardley

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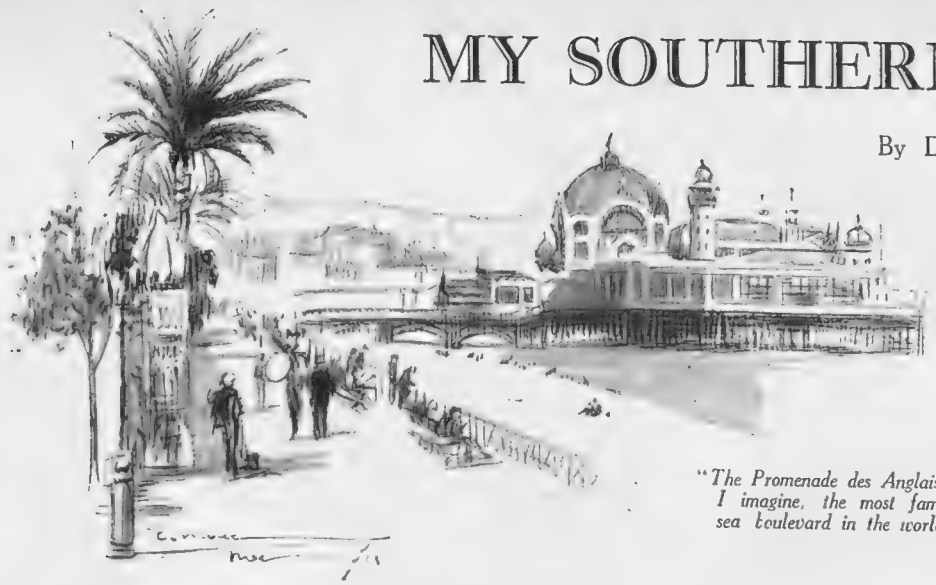
MY SOUTHERN CARPET

By DOUGLAS MAXWELL

Illustrations by MORSE



"The Promenade des Anglais is, I imagine, the most famous sea boulevard in the world"

I HAVE often thought that the old flying carpet of the Arabian Nights, with all its undoubted advantages of magical mobility, must have been a draughty, uncomfortable vehicle, with a fierce clutch and sticky gears. Not so, that modern Magic Carpet, the Blue Train. Its very name spells colourful romance: the djinns of the Southern Railway and "The Maid of Kent" have deposited you on Calais quay, the Blue Train wizard takes charge of you. "Leave it to me," says the wizard. "Don't struggle with porters at the Customs. A very polite *douanier* will examine your baggage on the train. Lunch? Certainly. The first service is ready now. No, you don't change at Paris, but you may slip out for tea if you like."

"A perfect little wagon-lits bedroom"

promise of sunshine and flowers. For sheer wizardry these latter-day railway magicians, the Nord and the P.L.M., have the old carpet wallahs of the Orient severely beaten. Licked to a frazzle, I might say.

For instance, I can imagine nothing more unpleasant than a nocturnal journey over Baghdad upon an open carpet. But a night on the Blue Train . . . oh (as Wordsworth said), the difference! After the advance

Time—and your carpet—flies along imperceptibly. You are scudding southward past Paris. Then dinner, a real dinner—shades of *some* dinners you have eaten on *some* trains—and so, after coffee and a cigarette, to bed. Imagine it! A perfect little *wagon-lits* bedroom, like the state room on some luxurious yacht. To be rocked to sleep by the smooth, soothing rhythm of the train wheels. . . . To wake in the morning, with sunshine, such as you have never seen before, streaming under your blinds. Palms, olives, terraced vines, and—oh, happy man! —your first orange tree.

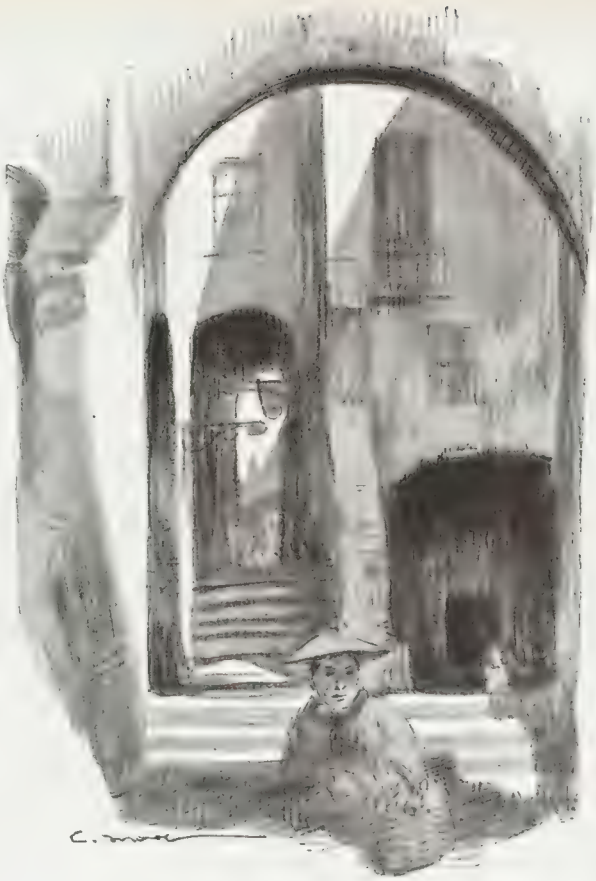
Then comes your first glimpse of the Azure Coast, a sea that is blue and blue *and* blue. You are (I hope) a good patriot and love the soft melting tints of the English landscape this side idolatry, but here is sheer colour, vivid and blazing, from the palette of that dazzling artist, the Sun God. You are flying past Toulon with its shimmering harbour, past charming St. Raphael, past the red rocks of Agaye. (Red Devon is lovely, but not so red as this.) The carpet stops, of course, at your desire.

Is it your pleasure to stop and visit Cannes? It will be. The town nestles under the glowing green Californie hill, flanked by the purple splendour of the Esterel. You see the proud sweep of that famous palm-fringed promenade, the Croisette, and the trim harbour that shelters the world's most luxurious yachts, a symphony in blue and silver. And out in the bay rise the Lerins, islands like jewels afloat. Polite Frenchmen will tell you that Cannes owes much to the English; to *le bon Lord Brougham* and to *Sa Majesté le Roi Edouard*. Bowing to the compliment, you pass on.

Will you remount the carpet? You are flying along again, blue sea on your right and green hills on your left, past the magic pinewoods of Juan—a favourite fairy spot of mine, if you will promise not to tell—past the shimmering Cap d'Antibes, past the golf links and polo grounds of Mandelieu. And so to Nice, which claims, with some justice, the queenship of this royal coast. With Gallic imagination,

"On the terrace of the Café de Paris"

they call this great sweeping bay the Baie des Anges. And why not? I'm sure I have seen them bathing there. Or something very like. . . . The Promenade des Anglais is, I imagine, the most famous sea boulevard in the world. (Indignant letters from residents of Blackpool will be returned unopened.) And it is, I think, a compliment to be appreciated that kindly Nice has dedicated it to you, for *Anglais* is a term, as the preacher said, which may be taken to embrace *les Anglaises* as well. Will you stay here to live a life of high carnival and of Battles of Flowers? The magicians are at work, building what seems to be the most gigantic new casino that even magicians ever imagined. It is not quite finished yet, but it will soon appear in luxurious completeness, for a little thing like that is nothing to magicians when they get into their stride. The carpet is waiting for you. You may return later.



"Menton . . . with mediæval houses, rising in steep terraces from the sea"

The carpet takes you past Villefranche, with its toy harbour, past pleasant Beaulieu, where mimosa blooms. There lies the winding coast road where Cæsar's legions tramped. You are now approaching another country, the tiny principality of Monaco, where they enjoy a maximum of sunshine and (I believe) a minimum of income tax. What more could heart of man desire? The rock of Monaco smiles sleepily down from where it once frowned upon the corsairs of old. You will wish to visit Monte Carlo, of which (you will not deny it) you have heard on occasion. You will see the sights, including the wonderful gardens and the wonderful negro porter at the Hôtel de Paris. You will take tea (to soft music) on the terrace of the Café de Paris, watching the pigeons flutter down from the façade of the Grand Casino. And you will (assuredly) mount the seven steps of the Cathedral of St. Hazard, and, like the pigeons, have your little flutter, too. You will not, I am prepared to lay odds, break the bank, but you will have the infinitely greater pleasure of feeling a dashing fellow. . . .

Between the blue tideless sea and green hills dotted with toy villas the Blue Carpet will whirl you farther east. You are in France again, but all the time you are nearing Italy. The great, jutting natural garden of Cap Martin. . . . And then Menton, with all the charms of what is new and what is quaintly old. Fine promenades and palace hotels, and in the old town, queer little harbours and mediæval houses, rising in steep terraces from the sea. Quaint costumes, quaint old customs, and queer, attractive fisherfolk. . . . So on to the frontier bridge of Vintimille, where the picturesque guards of France and Italy exchange amicable chat. . . .

All this is but a bird's-eye glimpse seen from my flying carpet. *A chacun son goût.* Each place, and many others which we have passed all too hurriedly, has its especial charm. The magical Blue Carpet will drop you (gently) at the spot which attracts you most. For, whatever place may strike you as most delectable, a certain charm is over all, the charm of endless sunshine, of radiant flowers, and of the lazy, tideless sea.

Charter your carpet for wherever you will. And (I consider myself entitled to ask, now you have reached your journey's end) where's your Haroun-al-Raschid now? D. M.

ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR *A. S. A.*

A view of one of the tiny inner harbours at Villefranche. The French fleet often puts in to this attractive little port

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BY HELEN McKIE

THE PICTURESQUE PAST ON THE RIVIERA

Away behind the garish modern buildings and carefully planted palms which typify the modern Riviera are to be found attractive old-world buildings which were mellowed before the name Côte d'Azur had been coined. Some such delightful spots far from, although near to, the madding crowds which throng the Riviera are pictured above

OUTSIDE THE TEM

To think of the Riviera is to think of Monte Carlo, and Monte Carlo immediately suggests the scene which our artist has pictu
passes. To the right is the Hôtel de Paris, where the famous negro hall porter beams a welcome, and in the centre of the *Pl*
the multi-coloured throng, *hivernants* and passing visitors alike, gather every day to discuss

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

TEMPLE OF CHANCE

pictured above. Dominating the centre of the town is the Casino, up and down whose steps an endless throng of fortune-seekers
he *Place* is the "Cheese," that circle of flower beds on whose seats, as well as at the little tables of the Café de Paris on the left,
cuss Scandal and Systems, two never-failing topics of conversation in the Principality of Monaco

Out of the Blue

50's Decorated Tin
(as illustrated) 2/6
100's Tin 4/10
150's Tin 7/3

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

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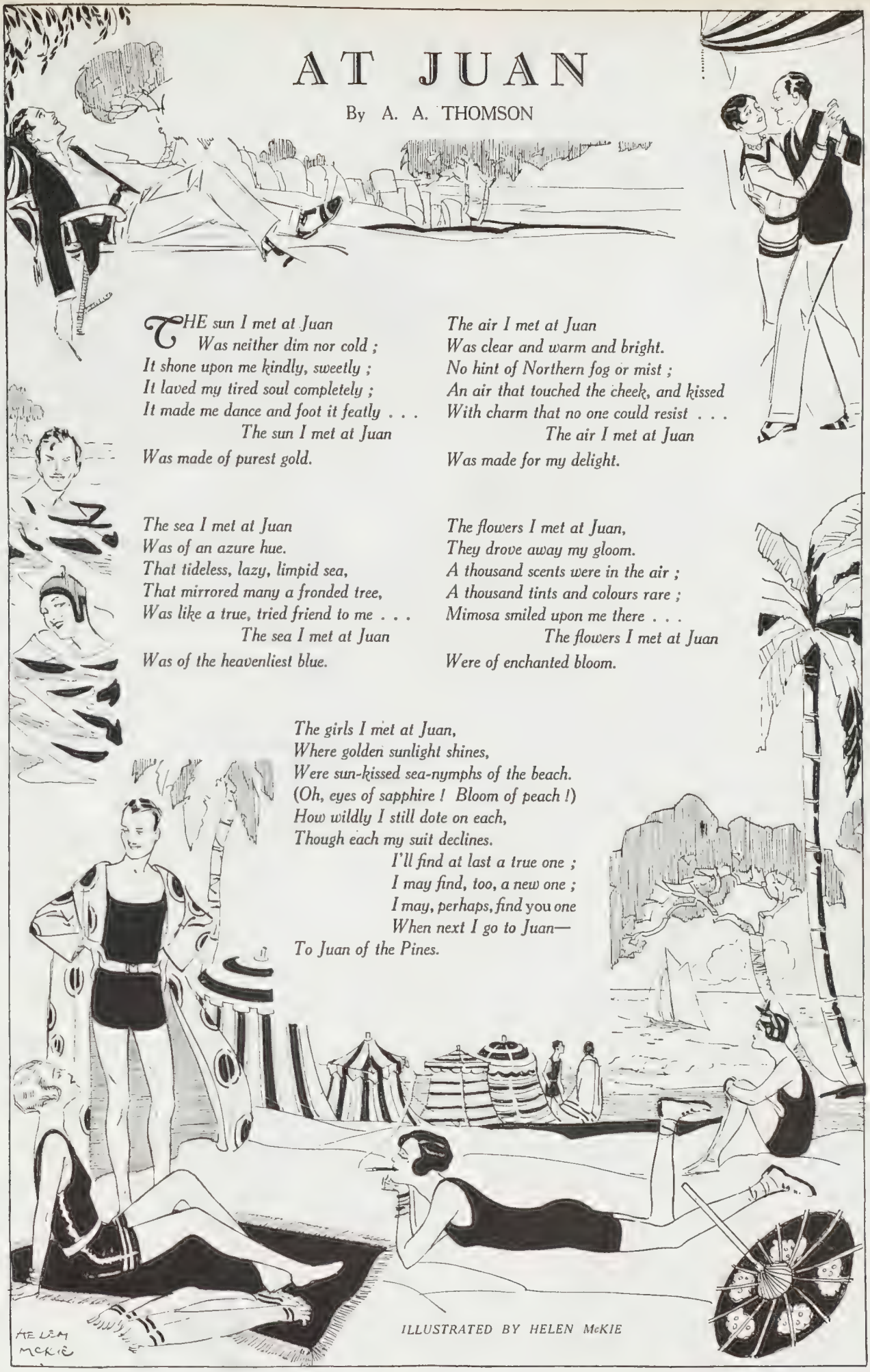
AT JUAN

By A. A. THOMSON

THE sun I met at Juan
Was neither dim nor cold ;
It shone upon me kindly, sweetly ;
It laved my tired soul completely ;
It made me dance and foot it featly . . .
The sun I met at Juan
Was made of purest gold.

The air I met at Juan
Was clear and warm and bright.
No hint of Northern fog or mist ;
An air that touched the cheek, and kissed
With charm that no one could resist . . .
The air I met at Juan
Was made for my delight.

The sea I met at Juan
Was of an azure hue.
That tideless, lazy, limpid sea,
That mirrored many a fronded tree,
Was like a true, tried friend to me . . .
The sea I met at Juan
Was of the heavenliest blue.

The flowers I met at Juan,
They drove away my gloom.
A thousand scents were in the air ;
A thousand tints and colours rare ;
Mimosa smiled upon me there . . .
The flowers I met at Juan
Were of enchanted bloom.

The girls I met at Juan,
Where golden sunlight shines,
Were sun-kissed sea-nymphs of the beach.
(Oh, eyes of sapphire ! Bloom of peach !)
How wildly I still dote on each,
Though each my suit declines.
I'll find at last a true one ;
I may find, too, a new one ;
I may, perhaps, find you one
When next I go to Juan—
To Juan of the Pines.

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

The PLAY-GODS' SMILE

By VENNETTE HERRON

Illustrations by ALBERT BAILEY

"He was confronted by a perfectly strange woman"

THE sky was a web of silver spangled with stars—drawn daintily over the hills, like a pearled cap over the hair of a mediæval lady. High in their cloud-pavilion the play-gods sat polishing their lantern, the moon. When it was ready—perfectly round, lemon-cold, steel-bright and clean-rimmed as cut crystal, they hung it out. . . . The coast-line swam in silver radiance, scalloped with fairy bays from Nice to Mentone, where yacht-lights rode like floating fallen stars—warmer, more human for their contact with earth. The little towns along the Corniche Road were so many blobs of clustered lights—jewelled pendants strung on a platinum chain.

"Something amusing will happen to-night?" the play-gods smiled.

. . . . . .

A white villa on a hill above Monte Carlo—its shutters, balconies and eaves a brilliant red, which looked like blood in the moonlight, its gardens beauty's self-massed blossoms about a fountain, dripping liquid silver.

"That's Rosa Rankin's house!" people shouted at each other, rushing past to their own pleasures, purring and panting, pointing it out as they sped. "The famous writer, you know. . . . Made a fortune with her plays, they say. Gorgeous place, isn't it? Lucky creature!"

Within the villa, high up in a lamp-lit boudoir hung with turquoise silk, a woman standing before her mirror—not happily, hummingly, as women are wont to stand thus, but like a scratched tongue returned to a jagged tooth—hurt by what she saw there, yet unable to keep away. "And I love beauty more than I love God!" thought Rosa Rankin fiercely. "Unless, indeed, the two are one."

"Hideous—hopeless!" murmured the woman Rosa humbly. "Did you knock, Henriette? . . . I didn't hear you"—very haughtily to her entering maid.

"But, of course, ma'moiselle. . . . Pardon! but I thought I heard an answer. Will ma'moiselle wear the blue or the green to-night?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter; give me whatever you want to. I can't be bothered with frocks when I've so many more important things to occupy me." To herself, sighing: "What's the use? . . . They all look equally awful when I've put them on!"

"If ma'moiselle would only take a little more pains she'd find——"

"Ma'moiselle!" And she was thirty-six. "Don't be silly, Henriette! . . . And don't interrupt me again, please. I'm going over my speech for this evening."

Dragging on her dress—a sallow green, preferred colour of that season, but one which suited her not at all. "Don't fuss, *ma fille;* it'll do as it is." Deliberately not to try was so much less humiliating than to strive and fail.

Henriette curled her cropped hair, and Rosa submitted because—still under the thrall of childhood's mortifications—she had a vague idea that "straight strings" were indecent. "But there—that's enough, Henriette; and you needn't wait. I want to make some notes. . . . Good-night."

"Good-night, ma'moiselle." The door closed discreetly.

Alone—a relief; her eyes still smarted. One last pause before her glass. She didn't want to—knew what she'd see there; but—does brain ever completely blot out woman?

Olive-skinned neck like a polished column rising out of jaundiced green tulle; blue black hair incongruously, too softly, framing hard, black eyes; a slightly aquiline nose and fixed, bitter mouth. "A scrawny body . . ." she told herself. "Ugh!"

She crossed the boudoir, an extraordinarily beautiful room—for where perfection was possible Rosa had it—and, switching out the lamps, stepped on to a balcony.

With an unconsciously dramatic gesture Rosa threw out her arms. "All this beauty—so much—too much, almost. . . . Was that why there was none left over for me?" She laughed at her own whimsy; then choked, let the prisoned tears fall at last. "If I could only be beautiful, too—even for one night—for one hour. . . . Surely I'd know how to use it—after a lifetime of waiting. God! . . . To be loved like other women—to feel oneself desirable and desired! If only once . . . Stanley!" She spoke the name aloud, caressing it with her voice, but very softly, very shyly, scorched with shame.

"Oh, well—there are no miracles to-day; one must simply face it!" With chin arrogantly lifted, Rosa turned back to the darkened room. . . .

. . . . . .

In the private *salon* of one of the most luxurious suites in the Hôtel de Paris a man sat in a brocaded armchair, bent double with pain. His skin was grey, his lips blue, his hands clenched against his heart. "Quick, Thompson!"

"Yes, sir—coming, sir." A valet hurried from the adjoining dressing-room with a medicine-glass in his hand.

The man drank, a clammy dampness beading his brow as he made the effort. But after a few seconds colour returned to his face and his hands relaxed. "Ah, that's

(All rights strictly reserved)

The Bystander Short Story

better; I'll be all right in a minute. But it can't go on like this! . . . It can't go on! " He seemed to be speaking to himself—promising something.

" Do let me put you to bed, sir. . . . Surely you won't try to go out to-night? " There was real solicitude in the voice of the valet.

" Nonsense, Thompson! Of course I'm going out! At least I'll die in my own fashion. Help me into my coat, and when Mr. Mountgomery comes show him in directly."

" Very good, sir . . . But if you'd only be more careful, sir——"

" What for, my good man? The doctor gives me three months if I keep on as usual; six if I coddle myself and do nothing else. Well, I choose to make it three and live to the end . . . Death or life, but no half-way business for me! And not a word to Mr. Mountgomery, Thompson—you understand? "

" Get me a cocktail, you fool! "

" Mr. Mountgomery, sir."

" Ah! come in, Stan. Make it two, Thompson—and rush 'em along, or we'll be late for dinner."

" 'Lo, Guy. Anything the matter? You look as though you'd taken a knock."

" Do feel a bit seedy; but there's nothing wrong. . . . Been rather going the pace lately—that's all. How's yourself, old boy? "

" Fit's a fiddle. Been over at Cannes all week—playing tennis with Irene. Only came back this morning because we'd promised Margot for to-night. Rosa Rankin's going to speak, I hear; and she's generally amusing, if nothing else. Pity her looks don't come up to her wit! "

" A detestable woman! I can't endure that haughty highbrow attitude in a female! . . . And she's ugly as sin."

" I don't know. . . . She's got fine eyes—and there's something sort of gaunt and hungry about her that's rather—intriguing at times."

" Watch out, Stan! . . . You'll be falling for her presently. She's terrifically *épris* with you, you know; and——"

" Don't be an ass, Guy! I feel sorry for her rather; but can you imagine anyone actually falling for the Rankin? "

" I can't! " Guy de Forrest stood up and laughed. " Fancy being bound to a woman like that! . . . Personally, I'd rather be dead! Her looks are bad enough, but it's her damned superiority that I can't stick! "

Side by side the two men stood for an instant, framed in the French doors. Two tall, straight, superlatively groomed Englishmen, both getting on for forty. A tanned sportsman, Stanley Mountgomery; a haggardly handsome, darkly dissipated *boulevardier*, Guy de Forrest. Utterly unlike in temperament, those two, yet alike in tradition and breeding—products of the same school and lifelong friends.

. . . . . .

" I'm giving you Rosa Rankin to take in, Stan. Be nice to her, won't you? "

"And you, Guy"—sweeping aside all objections—" are to sit at her left. What's more, you're to talk to her, do you hear? "

" But, Margot, darling—one understands about Stanley, but she doesn't at all care for me; so why——"

" Because I believe that, *au fond*, you have a kind heart—even though you do love to appear sardonic; and she must be put into the right humour to make a moving appeal for my pet plan. She can do it better than anyone else, if she likes—and, being such a celebrity, people will listen; but if she's biting and sarcastic, as sometimes, instead of coaxing and convincing, she'll do more harm than good. So I'm depending upon you two to flatter her into a pleasant mood."

Half-way down the central table two obedient slaves, Stanley Mountgomery and Guy de Forrest, with Rosa Rankin between them. " Frumpy as always! " thought Guy. Then aloud: " Are you going to make us laugh or cry to-night, Miss Rankin? . . . We're all in your hands."

" My aim is to make you give," responded Rosa dryly.

Stanley spoke to her then, and Rosa answered bluntly, more than ever brusque in her bitterness. She wanted terribly to draw him into an intimate, provocative, absorbing conversation—claiming him thus, if only for that hour. . . . But how did women begin with men who gave them no opening? "

Gleam of jewels on fair bosoms, smiling faces, flashing teeth, to-morrow's frocks in all tints, interspersed with

glossed black and white, lacquered hair, and powdered shoulders. Guy sniffed it in. "How many more times will I sit like this?" A slight premonitory twinge shook him for a second, and his lips paled . . . But he drew a deep breath, drank deeply, and the sensation passed. He scanned the table furtively, hastily . . . No, no one had noticed. He passed a folded handkerchief quickly over his brow. "I mustn't think about it—not here! What does it matter anyway? . . . Every man must die some time. And I promised Margot to pretend that I was talking to her. Lord."

"You're looking even more than usually charming to-night, dear lady."

Rosa turned towards him in blank astonishment. Then, although she wasn't exactly meant to, she understood, of course. How dared he mock her so cruelly? Her voice was absolutely coldly composed as she answered: "Surely you should know by now, Mr. de Forrest, that I'm only interested in serious and sensible topics."

Stanley, intent upon doing his duty, had again directed his attention towards his allotted companion just in time to overhear both Guy's, under the circumstances, outrageous overture, and her reply, and a sudden thrill of admiration and pity shot through him. "Gad, she was hurt, and she covered it like an offended goddess."

"Have you been seeing any of the tennis tournaments, Miss Rankin?" And Rosa's strung nerves vibrated to the new sympathy in his voice.

"She isn't stupid," thought Guy, "but she *is* irritating! . . . And a woman has no right to be so unalluring."

The time for her speech came, and Rosa stood up. Briskly, concisely, with crisp, well-turned sentences, correctly interlarded with appropriate anecdotes, she told the assembled company—as they'd been told often enough before, but never so arrestingly—of the sad state of the Russian aristocrats, so many of whom had taken refuge on the Riviera—and more particularly of the hardships of their children. From this she went on to detail the project of the Comtesse de Brissac to found for these unfortunate ones a sort of combined home and school where they could be taught compatible occupations and live in peace and security until they were old enough, or until the right occasion arose, to launch them into the world. "Nothing like an asylum, but a home-like school for girls of gentle birth, as nearly as possible like those to which you send your own daughters, but one in which these unhappy exiles will be accepted without payment, or with such nominal payment as they can afford. If you will pledge your support—for a few years anyway—the Comtesse de Brissac offers to place this *château* at our disposal for the undertaking."

"'*That beautiful, mysterious-looking Miss Rankin—with the romantic history, you know . . .*'"

Rosa had already outlined the entire scheme, and there seemed nothing more to be said. Yet still she stood there hesitating, unexpectedly groping. All these women before her. How beautiful they all were! Beauty! "It's so important, so essential that young girls should feel themselves loved and petted and precious," amazingly Rosa Rankin heard herself saying. "It's the only way to make them grow up feeling beautiful—and unless she feels herself beautiful a woman can win nothing from life!" She sat down heavily.

The assembly stared; then applauded. "Human, after all," grunted the men. It was a very successful speech.

"You have a great reverence for beauty, haven't you, Miss Rankin?" commented Guy seriously, his eyes bright with surprised curiosity.

"Yes," she answered him calmly, frankly, moved for the moment beyond self-consciousness, "I have. And life moves in such vicious circles . . . Without beauty a woman can scarcely ever, if ever, find love . . . And without love I sometimes think she can never find beauty, even when it lies all around her."

"But do you mean to imply, would you go so far as to say," went on Guy, half bantering, half genuinely interested in probing a new viewpoint, "that if a man should make ardent love to a plain woman, she'd immediately become beautiful?"

"To a certain extent I think she might . . . Yes, I think she would," replied Rosa. "Unless she were actually crippled or deformed. You know how even a half-dead flower revives if it's put in water and its stem clipped and carefully tended. That's what I wanted to make them see—for those girls," she added quickly.

"What a fascinating theory, Miss Rankin," Stanley chimed in. "One might become a knight errant, riding about the world disenchanting ill-favoured women with——"

"Oh, but one would have to mean it, Mr. Mountgomery, to put some sincerity into what one said." Rosa sighed. "I think it's time to go home—for me, at any rate."

The two men rose courteously, but it did not occur to either of them to offer to escort her, and presently she passed out alone to her waiting car.

. . . . . .

Guy picked up the tiny brown bottle, twirled it thoughtfully. "Beneficial in small doses—fatal if one swallows it all—like so many things in life . . . Nearly half-full—enough, surely . . . I'll just make certain that everything's in order, and then . . ."

He sat down calmly at his desk, his mouth firmly fixed in its habitual cynically debonair smile. For half an hour or so he sorted papers, placing them in neat piles, like soldiers on parade. Then he got up, walked over to the French windows, and stepped out on to the miniature balcony.

(*Continued on page 412*)

(To be read aloud slowly and deliberately)

READING WITHOUT TEARS

The Worthington English Primer

Inn

Hill

Worth-ing-ton

Sun

"Let us run up the Hill"

"The Hill is ve-ry steep and the sun is ve-ry hot. Ra-ther let us stay in the Gar-den and play with Sam our Po-ny"

"But there is an Inn at the top of the Hill"

"Does the Inn-keep-er sell Worth-ing-ton?"

"Yes, the Inn-keep-er sells Worth-ing-ton"

"I will race you to the top of the Hill"

(*Continued from page 410.*)

"So that was my last dinner . . . Might at least have had Margot beside me . . . To spend one's last hours on earth baiting the one woman whom one can't abide—instead of . . . When the world's so full of irresistible ones, too. But she was a bit pathetic to-night—the unfeminine, unlovable Rankin. What was it she said? "Even the plainest woman might become beautiful if she suddenly found—could really believe herself loved." Quaint idea, that!" He pondered it for a moment, his mind instinctively grasping at drifting straws of thought, refusing to sink itself in the determination which his will had made—and would eventually carry out.

"An entertaining experiment—if one were going on living . . . And what more suitable material to try it on than herself? But no—the risk would be too great. To find oneself with Rosa suddenly clinging about one's neck—and she'd be sure to cling at the first intimation—having almost certainly never had the chance before. Better be dead than that, by Jove!" Out of nothing and nowhere it came—a shaft of moon-madness, perhaps. "But if one *were* dead . . . one wouldn't have the fun of seeing how it worked out; but neither would there be any risk . . . And to play one last joke on the world . . . I don't believe in miracles, but who knows what sudden, sufficient self-confidence might achieve! Gad! I'll do it—to clinch matters; for there'll be no turning back after that!"

Guy de Forrest closed the windows, sat down again at his desk and wrote rapidly, fluently, with perfect concentration for some twenty minutes. Then he sealed what he had written in an envelope which he addressed to Rosa Rankin, rose once more, and with a steady hand pressed the bell—kept it ringing until a sleepy hall-boy appeared.

Without giving himself time to consider further, before the footsteps of the departing boy had died away down the corridor, Guy again took up the little brown bottle.

. . . .

Still dressed as she had been at dinner, Rosa Rankin sat by her window. She was chilled through and aching, unaware of physical misery, but numbed with the sorrow of complete aloneness.

A knock at her door! At that hour? Startled but unalarmed Rosa rose and opened.

It was Henriette who stood there, in a hastily pulled-on dressing-gown. "Jacques gave me this for you, Ma'moiselle; it came just now, and the messenger insisted that it must be delivered at once." She extended a large sealed envelope.

"What on earth? . . ." Rosa turned the letter in her fingers, with natural surprise but with no anticipatory thrill. Then, without further speculation, practically, with a paper-knife, she slit the envelope.

"Rosa, darling,"

(But this couldn't be for her! Still, there was her name.) "You never would understand—even to-night, when I tried to be honest for once, you thought I was . . . Always so aloof and marvellous—above other women . . . Never dreaming—never looking down long enough to see me at your feet . . . Every time it was the same—'til I learned to wear a mask, which some thought mocking . . . To me you are so beautiful—with that lofty expression and your wonderful mind . . . Suddenly to-night it came over me—the utter hopelessness—the knowledge that I'd never dare to tell you. But I must speak once—though I know beforehand your answer—which I nevertheless could never bear to hear . . . So that when this reaches you I shall be beyond all hearing . . . Because you make me feel the futility of my own way of living. Rosa, I love you—have loved you for years—perhaps always with some faint hope until to-night . . . But now, sitting here alone in the moonlight, I know too well . . . And so . . ." There were three more sheets of it before the signature: "Guy De Forrest."

"And I never guessed! . . . For me—all this time—Guy—whom all women run after, are mad about . . . Guy!" Every other image sponged out of her heart. "Loves me—me!" A tremulous, transfigured Rosa, crushing the crumpled pages against her breast.

Then certain phrases beating back—like small persistent waves following the first drowning flood: "Beyond all hearing . . . And so, even while you are reading this, I shall be . . . Say a prayer for me, Rosa, and wherever I am, I shall feel it . . ."

"My God, did he mean . . . While she—ready, eager to give all the store of pent-up years! Could any man be so blind—so—so absurd?" Rosa, running frantically to the boudoir telephone—taking off the receiver with shaking hands, which had never shaken before.

"Hôtel de Paris? Monsieur de Forrest . . . But I *must* speak to him—great urgency . . . Yes—Miss Rankin calling. What—what do you say? His valet found him—only a few minutes ago—dead—dead already?" Rosa Rankin neither shrieked nor dropped the receiver. "Yes—that's true—he did send me a message just now . . . Yes, I do know something; but I can't . . . I'll come immediately . . . Don't let him be taken away before . . . No, I'll tell Mr. Mountgomery myself." Guy was her's now—she alone would arrange—nobody else should . . . It was what he would want, of course. A shiver of sheer delight shot through her. "We had not announced it yet, but I was Mr. de Forrest's *fiancée*," she concluded in a tone of tranquil, tragic dignity.

A few seconds later she rang up Stanley Mountgomery. "Is that you, Stanley?" She'd never called him by his Christian name before; but now she did it automatically, with the careless ease of the satisfied, no-longer-seeking woman. "Is that you? Rosa Rankin speaking. There's been an accident—something has happened to Guy—something terrible . . . He—he's dead! What? Yes—in his rooms at the hotel—and I must go to him at once Will you came and take me, Stanley—please. Yes, immediately. Thank you."

She was no longer outcast. That was enough! A man had killed himself—had died for love of her!

For the second time that evening Rosa stood before her mirror. He had called her beautiful . . . Was it possible—for those who had eyes to see—something shining through the shadow of her own doubts?

Then her gaze fell upon the silly glittering green ruffles with which her maid had decked her. Rummaging in a wardrobe, she found a simple black dress. Those ridiculous curls! Was she not a widow—almost? She moistened her black hair with water and brushed it back sleekly. That staring white face! . . . She must be suitably clad, but not a spectacle for the gaping public! Hurriedly she drew a rouge-stick across her lips, listening all the while for the bell below.

"Come in!" Voice low, but very sweet and clear.

Stanley Mountgomery entered—honest grief and bewilderment depicted on his countenance. Was the universe upside down? He'd just left Guy, and now. . . . And what, in heaven's name, had Rosa Rankin to do with it all?

He was confronted by a perfectly strange woman. A tall, exotically angular creature in a moulding black sheath—two wide black eyes blazing in a wax-white face—blue-black hair like a casque of polished jet—a thin proud nose and haughtily modelled chin—a crimson mouth, quivering with the smug secret smile of La Giaconda.

"Good God—Rosa! . . . But you're beautiful! I always felt it somehow . . . But you hid it . . . Why, Rosa, why? It's no time—but I can't help it! You're unreal to-night—incredible! . . . Rosa . . . I want you—I love you!" He was incoherent and babbling.

And with a slow sweet secret smile, Rosa picked up the scattered bits, pieced them together and recreated her world—in that instant transformed herself, as only an inspired woman can, into a finished tradition. "That beautiful, mysterious-looking Miss Rankin—with the romantic history, you know . . ."

Gravely, tenderly, she stretched out her two hands—slender artist's hands—to the worshipping man before her. "Dear Stanley," she said, just as though she'd been gently repulsing men all her days, "I hate to hurt you—truly. But you mustn't speak like that now—nor ever! You see—I belong to Guy. There was some misunderstanding—but he loved me—and died because he thought I did not care."

V. H.

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Thirty-six hours before you can possibly detect it, deterioration—that is the multiplication of bacteria and the growth of mould—has already commenced in the food you eat. Yet how often one greets Sunday's joint on Tuesday, either disguised in curry, or minced and garnished with triangles of toast, or—let's face it—cold again.

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RIVIERA TENNIS

By PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

I SUPPOSE every year more and more people make a regular practice of "going South" for their winter's tennis, and certainly, having once gone, they always return again with the most unfailing regularity, the only difference being that they usually come earlier and stay later!

IN the ten years in which I have known the South of France I have seen the lawn tennis tournaments increase out of all knowledge, both in size and numbers. In 1918 it was usually a very simple affair to get through two, or even three, rounds of the Open Singles; nowadays you are quite likely to meet a budding champion of some sort even in the first match you play. This means that the standard of the *general majority* of players has gone up by leaps and bounds, and there are extremely few of the real "rabbits" to be seen. Practically everybody, from kings downward, plays tennis on the Riviera; and although, of course, there is a large army of golf enthusiasts, if it came to a question of numbers lawn tennis would claim, I think, double as many followers as golf.

EVERY season changes are made to improve and extend the possibilities of play, and there is so much being done for the competitors that no one, be he a "world-beater" or the merest novice at the game, can possibly feel neglected or uncared for in any way. From an educational point of view, of course, the big Riviera tournaments are most valuable, for it is hardly possible to imagine any succession of meetings where it is certain that you will meet practically *all* the leading players from every lawn tennis-playing nation in the world.

GLANCE at some of the entries in the big February tournaments, say at Monte Carlo, for instance (which is rightly named the Wimbledon of the South), and you will find international players from the farthest ends of the earth. The two International Doubles for men and women, respectively the "Butler" and the "Beaumont," have done a great deal of valuable work in getting many countries to send representative pairs to compete, with the result that there is a real championship entry at Monte Carlo, and usually for several weeks afterwards. Curiously enough, it is nearly always the women's matches which seem to draw the biggest crowds on the Riviera, no matter how good the men may be. It began, of course, in the "Suzanne" days, when the "gallery" would slavishly follow their favourite to watch her demolish some poor "rabbit" sooner than see some far better match between more evenly balanced competitors—and it certainly holds good to-day.

SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ is always a very good "draw" for any tournament whenever she plays, while both Miss Betty Nuthall and Miss Eileen Bennett are very popular also. It seems very probable from what I hear just lately that Miss Helen Wills will come over in time to play in some of the later meetings next spring, and if this is so it will certainly be a wonderful thing for women's tennis and a great treat for those who are fortunate enough to see her play. One of the most prominent of the "regulars," however, will be conspicuous by her absence, for Miss Elizabeth Ryan is off on a three or four months' tour to Ceylon, Burma, and the East, where she means to play in several of the Indian tournaments before coming back to the Riviera late in March. Most of our younger women players will be out again as usual, and I hear that Mrs. Godfree may also be amongst the women competitors in the spring. There have been no great changes so far as the actual clubs themselves are concerned, but I was very interested to notice when I was at Juan-les-Pins this summer that that very excellent little tennis club, the Miramar, was enlarging the number of its courts and generally blossoming out into a very well-equipped tennis centre.

IT has always been a marvel to me as to why Juan, which is the spot of all others during the summer months, should be so far behindhand during the winter season; and now it would seem that the deficiency has been remedied. The coming season's list of tournaments will open this year at the Beau-Site, Cannes, instead of, as has usually been the case, at Monte Carlo. There will be very unusual interest taken in the Professionals' Championship for the "Bristol" Cup, which is held at the Beaulieu Lawn Tennis Club on January 7, as when Karel Kozeluh (the present holder of the cup) returns to Beaulieu in December he hopes to bring with him Mr. "Vinny" Richards, the famous American "pro," who is the present champion (professional) of America, and who has never been in the South of France.

THE Cannes Club is the largest of the town clubs, and its courts (which are always crowded even at ten o'clock in the morning) number about twenty. Here you can see most of the well-known people in Cannes society. The ex-King of Portugal is a very regular and a very proficient player. Unlike the King of Sweden, who very much enjoys tournament play, ex-King Manoel prefers a good practice game, and he has an extremely powerful and well-placed forehand drive, which he uses with excellent effect.

LORD AND LADY CHOLMONDELEY play a great deal at the Cannes Club, where Lady Knollys (Miss Margaret Coats that was), the Ranee of Pudakota, Lady Wavertree, Miss Sheila Locke, Lord Charles Hope, and Lady Crosfield are also very frequent visitors. Of course, the Carlton (where the world-famous Suzanne-Wills match was staged some three years ago) has a uniquely central situation in the very middle of Cannes, and its pleasant proximity to "Charlie's Bar" makes it an ideal rendezvous for the many players who look forward to a "small one" after the morning's game is over.

THE famous Beau-Site courts, of course, are amongst the earliest of all on the Riviera, and last year's fiftieth anniversary brought together a wonderful collection of lawn tennis players, both old and new. Nearly all the great players of the Dohertys' time have figured on the Beau-Site courts, and many were the famous matches (for tournaments were few and far between in those days) which took place before an audience of notabilities of every kind.

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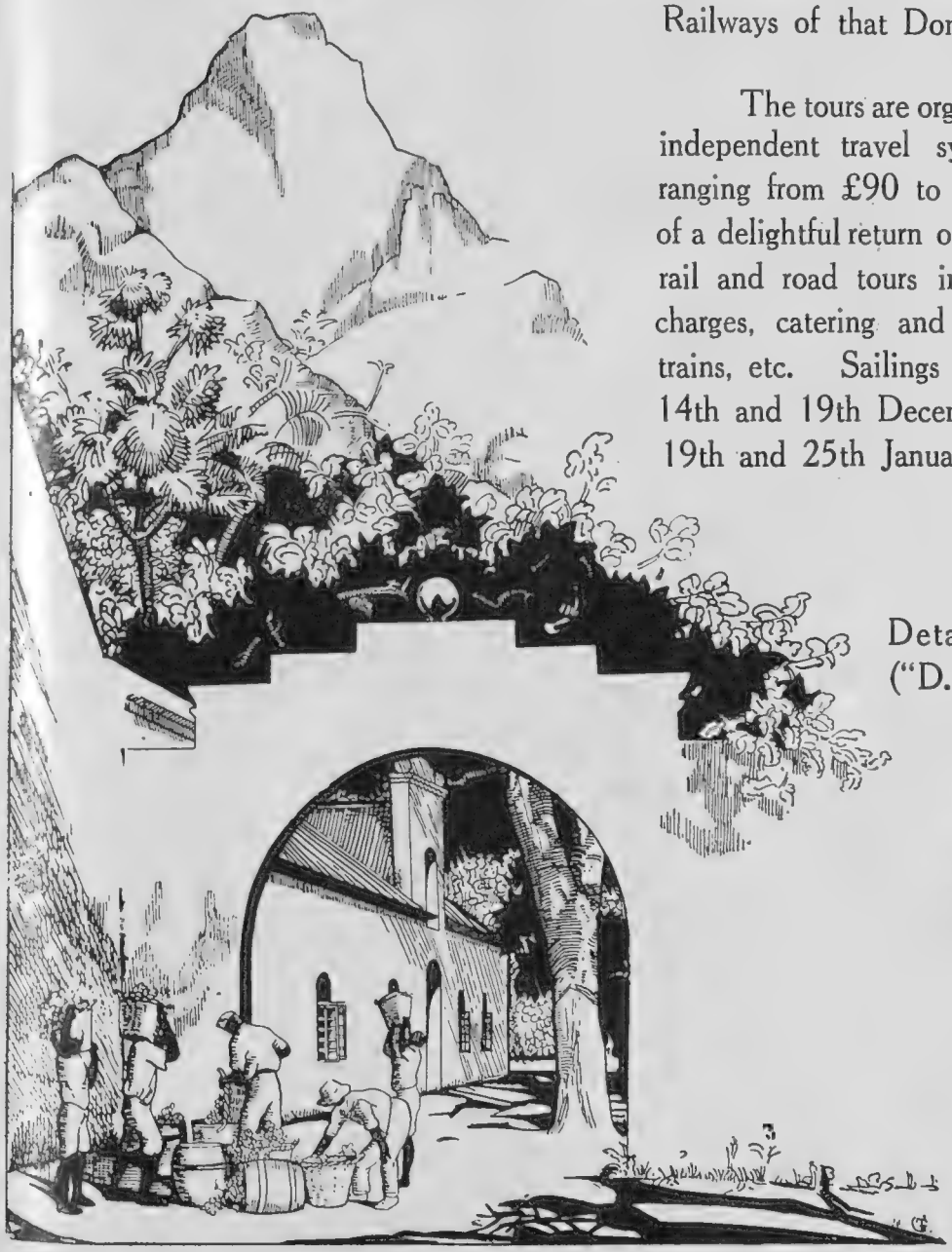

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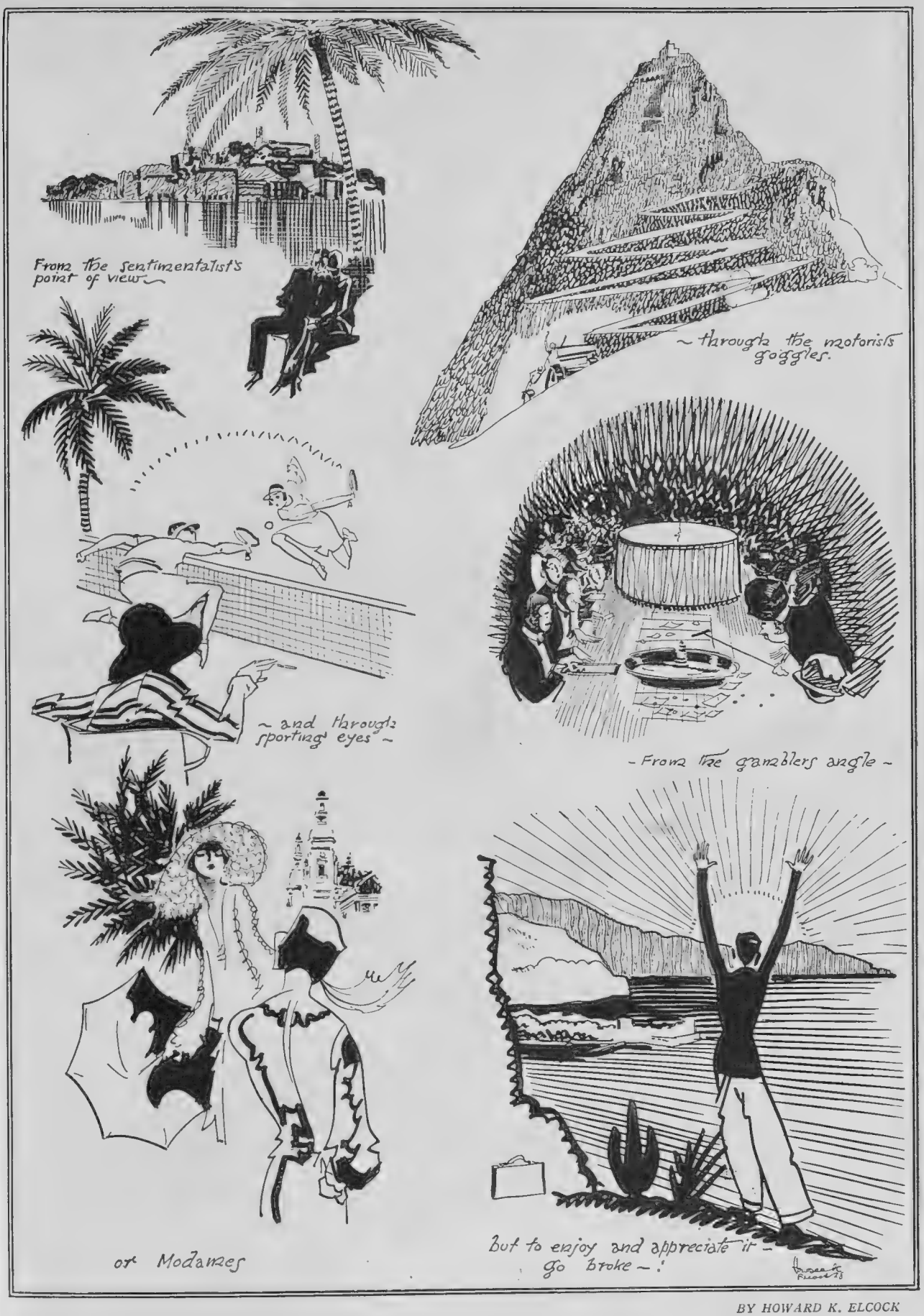

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

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Photographs by Sasha

"The Singing Fool"

FEATURING AL JOLSON

ANYONE wishing to see a piece of beautiful acting should not miss Al Jolson's fine performance in this new Warner Bros.' Vitaphone production.

He is wonderful. His voice, his expressions, they just "get" you. A smallish man, by no means good-looking, yet when he laughs you want to laugh with him; and when he is sad the tears come very easily to your eyes. He has that one thing so essential to everyone, especially an actor: personality. In this *rôle* of a waiter and entertainer at a small Bohemian night club, who works his way up until he is one of the biggest revue stars on Broadway, only to be deserted by his lovely but worthless wife and robbed of his adored child, he surpasses himself, his rendering of the song, "It All Depends on You," being sufficient alone to fill any cinema night after night where this film is showing.

IN THE LEAD

Al Jolson, who takes the leading part, and David Lee in a scene from the speaking film, "The Singing Fool." This will be seen at the new Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, on November 28

I AM not quite sure how much I like "Talkies" as yet, though this particular picture could not exist without them, as they accentuate the pathos running all through the story; and then there are the six songs sung by Al Jolson. One of these, "Sonny Boy," is repeated several times. It is a little too sentimental, perhaps, but sung perfectly by this great artist, especially when he is obliged to give a performance of it on the stage in the film just after the death of his baby son, for whom he composed it. This is a real Pagliacci scene, poignant in its intensity—a masterpiece in acting which will remain in my mind for many days to come.

THE only, but rather large, fault to find in this otherwise excellent production is an inclination towards too much "sob stuff," the several charming little scenes between father and son being marred by this failing. Also, I am afraid English people become embarrassed at the spectacle of two grown men falling into each other's arms in delight at their reunion. It may suit the Middle West, where they get intoxicated with sob stuff now Milwaukee beer is no longer obtainable, but the British people don't, as they say, fall for it.

THE acting honours of this piece go, of course, to Al Jolson, a genius; and then to little David Lee. His portrayal of the child Sonny Boy is exquisite, and his voice came through the Vitaphone so childishly sweet that at times it quite caught at one's heart. Josephine Dunn gave an exceedingly finished performance as the heartless wife who runs away with her husband's best friend, and certainly looks pretty enough to warrant Al's devotion to her. Her voice was quite pleasant to listen to, a wee bit too deep in places, but devoid of an unpleasing American twang.

Betty Bronson did all that was possible with the rather uninteresting part of the girl with whom the unfortunate Al finds happiness at last.

This is a film to see by those who like their emotion strong and who, at the same time, wish to hear the "Talkies" at their best.

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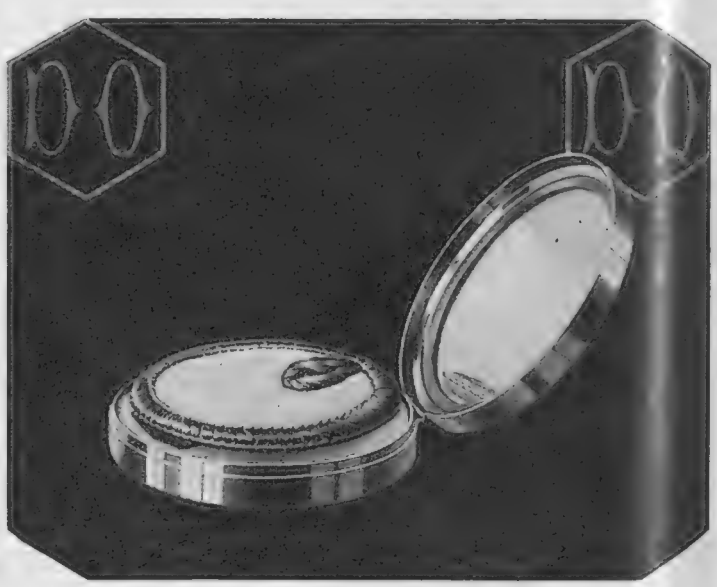

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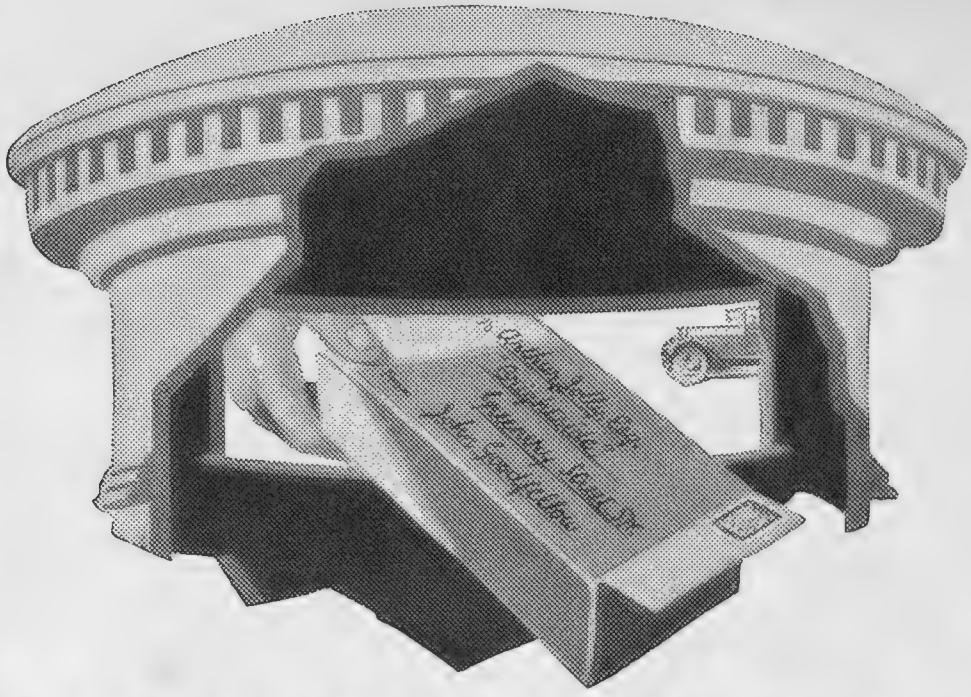

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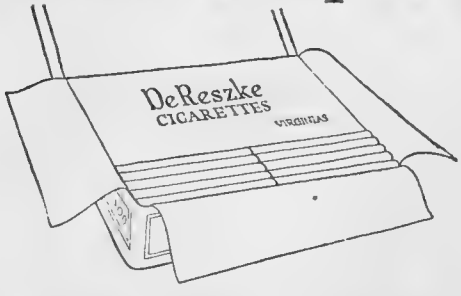

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PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

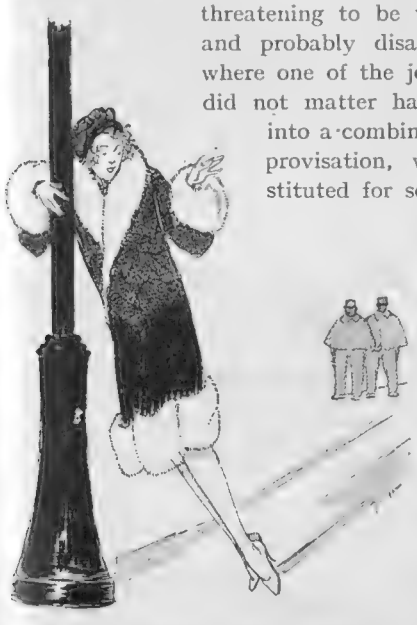
Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

IT is of the most quaint, *n'est-ce pas?*—as my very precise friend Gustave would say—how a single event, occurrence, or accident, will light up a whole lot of things which had been in existence already, but which had really not been appreciated or "realised" until the "key" happening threw the glare of the spotlight upon them. Parisians appear to need some shock of this sort every now and again to waken them up to the changes that are going on around them and are otherwise unnoticed.

IN the latest repetition of the history it was the collapse of a building in the Champs Elysées that brought illumination, not—cynical critic from over my shoulder—by a mere clearance of space, but by causing the *citoyens* to look around them and read signs which had hitherto been disregarded. Perspicacious M. Poincaré chanced to pass the ruined construction shortly after the collapse and remarked: *"On construit trop rapidement. Voilà les résultats."*

AND then everybody in Paris began to look about him—looked at his neighbour and his neighbour's wife, his neighbour's house and his goods; and it was quite suddenly realised that Paris had unconsciously abandoned its old way of leisurely tranquility and was living altogether too fast, with consequences threatening to be very disconcerting and probably disastrous. The city where one of the joys was that time did not matter has gradually fallen into a combination of hasty improvisation, with shoddy substituted for solid.



"She went home and wrote a *rapport*"

IN a Splendid New Apartment House—built in about thirteen weeks with all sorts of *ersatz*—will be found Monsieur and Madame, who married after an engagement of three weeks and thirty-three minutes. They

"Surrounded by super ultra-modern furniture"

are surrounded by super ultra-modern furniture, machine-made from green wood, which is already coming unstuck, but is still holding up the walls of cardboard. Monsieur, who at the date of his marriage was in the motor car business, has already left it on the theory that it is not a get-rich-quick career, has established himself as a banker, and from his new headquarters has *lancé* a score of *affaires magnifiques* which will either swallow up all his borrowed capital or engulf that of the *gogos* who invest their money with similar get-rich-quick aspirations. Three weeks hence he will be a politician, or other form of pirate.

"Friends whose acquaintance she made a week ago"

AS for Madame, in the intervals of discovering a sequence of high-speed *amants* in the *thés dansants*, she will exhaustively study in an hour profound psychological sex novels written in a fortnight by the *moins de vingt ans*—all lit up with a spark of genius that flashed upon them just as they left the *lycée* and drank their first cocktail in a Literary's Bar. These she will discuss, equally authoritatively, with intimate friends whose acquaintance she made a week ago at the *coiffeur's*, or two months ago at a *plage* where she remained three days during a motor tour.

EVERYTHING at express rate, snapped up with intensity to-day and discarded to-morrow. Friends, romances and countrymen. Nothing serious, nothing solid. How can it be expected to hold up? The furniture becomes disjointed, the *ménage* disunited, and then the walls crack and fall apart. So different from the old Paris, where things were the result of study, reflection and conscientious endeavour. Now, as one acidulous critic puts it, it is all—ideas, sentiments, arts and homes—a matter of *chiqué*, fabricated by folk who know not, for people who understand nothing. The crash age.

YET life goes merrily on for Parisians so long as they are not personally affected by one of the crashes. And humorists appear from unexpected quarters to cheer us up. Even the public executioner, M. Deibler,

affectionately known as "M. Paris," has contributed by soliciting an increase of salary, considerately explaining that this was on account of the high cost of living and not because of an excess of work—present or anticipated for the near future. M. Deibler further revealed his well-known softness of heart by showing himself too timid to make the application in person. He sent his wife. She got the "rise" all right, emphasising the tender-heartedness of her humanitarian husband, who just could not bear to "put the screw" on the tenants of his houses by raising their rents. Soft hearts do beat in strange places.

"Written in a fortnight by the *moins de vingt ans*"

And women are undoubtedly becoming the braver and the bolder sex. Number two in the scale of proofs is little Mme. Jean Balde, who successfully held up equal rights for women in the fine but fearsome art of wine-tasting in the national contest for the best drinkers. Mme. Balde efficiently coped with sixty-two glasses, all as part of a mere evening's work. Perhaps it might even be described as an evening's enjoyment, for so slight was the effect upon her shingled little head that she went home and wrote a *rapport* about it that could almost be classed as a book, a feat which would tax the powers of many a member of the supposedly stronger sex. Mme. Balde has been christened by her *confrères*, who are not at all jealous about her prowess. The Honourable Lady of the Dégustation—a magnificent title.

Yet when it comes to offering Paris material for enjoyment the Administration is still the most faithful source. Those wonderful local officials never let us down. Their latest contribution concerns *papier timbré*, the stuff on which certain requests to Ministerial departments must be made—ordinary enough paper, but bearing a kind of deed stamp. A Parisian who had bought a sheet of *papier timbré* and found he did not require it, learned that he could have his money refunded, so he took it back to the bureau and inquired what was the procedure for recovery of his payment. "Oh, it is perfectly simple," answered the official. "You purchase another sheet of *papier timbré* and address a request to the department for the return of your original three francs seventy-five, and in due course you will get it back." The citizen decided it was cheaper to remain outside that sort of circle and to be content with cutting his first loss. René.

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The Distaff Side of Sport

THE WINNERS *Photopress*

Mr. Kroyer Kilberg, Chairman of the Anglo-Danish Society, presenting the cup to Miss Butler, the captain of the British Ladies' Fencing Team which beat the Danish Team by nine matches to seven at the Hyde Park Hotel. The losing team is seen on the dais behind the Chairman

A CHAMPION *Photopress*

Miss Holst, of Denmark, who won the Women's International Foils Championship at Bertrands, Hanover Square. She is seen with the Hutton Cup and her mascot

Sport and General

VISITORS FROM IRELAND

The Ulster Ladies' Hockey Team which has been playing in this country. The photograph was taken before their recent match at Chiswick, where they beat Middlesex by 3 goals to 2

G.P.A.

AT THE 'NINETEENTH'

A photograph of some of the ladies who played in a mixed foursomes match between Princes' Ladies' Club and the Illustrated Newspapers. The match, which was played at Mitcham, resulted in a win for the former team

WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN BUSY IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

A LADY PATRON *Topical*

Miss Baskervyle Clegg, of Withington Hall, Chelford. She is the newly elected Lady Patron of the Tarporley Hunt Club. This celebrated Cheshire Hunt Club has its headquarters at the Blue Cap Inn, Tarporley—the inn being named after a famous bitch called Blue Cap

The New Lord Harrington

THE ninth Earl of Harrington, who died last week, never occupied the prominent position in sport that was held by his brother, whom he succeeded in the title in 1917. I doubt whether there was ever a more enthusiastic horseman than the full-bearded Earl, who hunted his hounds all the winter and played polo all through the summer. My earliest recollections of Hurlingham are of him. He never missed an afternoon at the London clubs if he could help it, and when he wasn't playing polo you could usually find him schooling his ponies for some gymkhana event, in which he was singularly successful even after he had become an old man. The new Earl of Harrington takes after his uncle in that he is extremely fond of hounds and hunting. With his smart pack of bitches he continues to hunt the Derbyshire side of the South Notts country, which is loaned to him by the latter's Hunt Committee. Just before the opening of the season he wrote to me to say that the supply of foxes in his district seemed to be better than usual, and he was looking forward to plenty of good sport. One day this month there was an extraordinary hunt with the Harrington Hounds into the Quorn country. It lasted two hours, and might have gone on longer but for the fact that in the end the Master stopped the pack on account of encountering a shooting party. It is recorded that they started in Derbyshire, ran through a corner of Leicestershire and finished in Notts.

Price of Hunters

IN the opening month of the new season I am glad to welcome Baily's Hunting Directory, 1928-29 (Vinton and Co.: 10*s.* 6*d.*), which is as tightly packed with useful information as preceding volumes have been. This publication is now too well known among hunting people for me to sing its praises. Suffice it to say that it tells you everything you want to know about hunting establishments and countries at home and abroad. One of its features is a list of hunters sold for 200 guineas or more during the past year. A glance at this shows that the price of the best sort of mount has not changed much during the past few years. It is noticeable that a few were disposed of during the year at prices ranging from 600 guineas up to 750 guineas, but these were of an exceptional type. There certainly has not been the striking advance in the value of the best hunters that has occurred in the case of polo ponies. The figures fetched by the Argentine ponies after the recent International matches at Meadow Brook were enough to make one's hair stand on end. Fancy paying £4,200 for a pony gelding!

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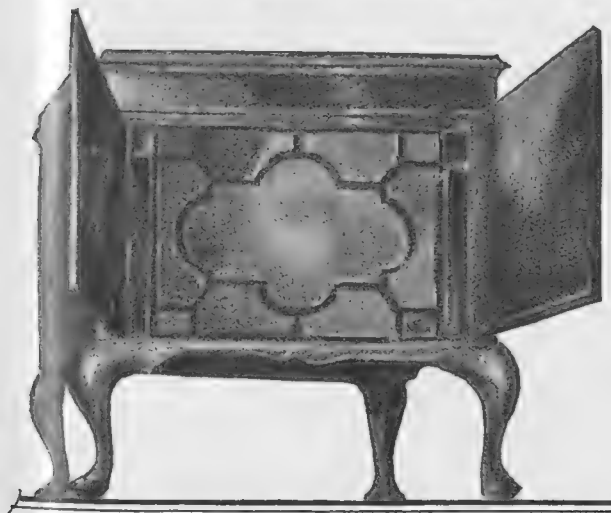

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HEAR THE LATEST MODELS

GOSSIP *from the* VARSITIES

OXFORD

JUST about now the end of the term begins to loom up in an ominous fashion, and one begins to feel that it is about time that a slight reorganisation of one's mode of living was effected. For, devastating though the thought is, in some short weeks' time tutors will be setting "collecers" on what books have been read during the term—a fact which is enough to make my morning coffees of the past rise up and choke me.

I expect that most of us agree with Lord Hugh Cecil that the examination stunt is greatly overdone, and that the real value of the Varsity comes from absorbing the "atmosphere" and traditions of the place, so that the same can eventually be disseminated in the form of Large Ideals—even if the said absorption sometimes leads to a headache the next morning.

To revert to lighter topics, I hear that the O.U.D.S. are going to entrust the production of their big show next term to Brewster Morgan, of St. Edmund Hall. Friend Brewster has had much experience in U.S.A., but as the eyes of the critics are with us on this occasion it is a bold and courageous move to eschew the help of such famous men as Mr. Bridges Adam and Mr. Komisarjevsky in favour of an all-Oxford production.

Peter Fleming and Stanhope Furber are the men behind the scenes, and I expect that Stanhope, who is the recognised *premier danseur* and principal singer of light songs in Oxford, would like to see a few light musical comedy turns introduced; and though I, too, am all in favour of Brighter Shakespeare with the odd modicum of Pantomime, I expect that the sight would give the Senior chaps several kinds of apoplexy.

Do you remember me telling you about the rule that they who wish to achieve a Blue in athletics have to be under twenty-three? The other evening some of these very young chaps began to remonstrate with me in such manner that I had to quench their arguments in the "George" bar. Their view was that now the Public School boys will flock to Oxford in greater numbers, but it is rather anomalous that only Oxford should adopt this rule, and then only as regards one form of sport, isn't it? I've had a most hectic round of gaiety lately, Bystander. The Bach Choir have been bark—I mean singing; the Chess Club huffed all their opponents' pawns and so won a sweeping victory; the Art Society held an exhibition; and the Varsity Liberals, funnily enough, have decided that a Second Chamber is unnecessary. This week's going to be far more fun, though, for several of the nice girls in the women's colleges have asked me to tea. The reason for this sudden burst of hospitality I know not, but next week you shall know the truth about the Oxford Women's Colleges. CHARLES.

THE COMBINED TEAMS *Barrat*

The Cambridge University and Gipsy Hill lawn tennis teams photographed before their recent match. It was played at Gipsy Hill

CAMBRIDGE

THE time has now arrived when many, haunted by the ghosts of untouched books and vaguely troubled by the pertinacity of supervisors, are seriously thinking of devoting a little more of their attention to work. Half-term has come and departed. Already the more industrious are beginning to grasp the finer points of their respective subjects, while the less ambitious are deploring the fact that six weeks have slipped past in the most elusive manner. The practical members of this latter class, which, I need hardly add, is larger than the former by a good many hundreds, are setting themselves a most soul-destroying routine. One of them informed me, in perfect confidence, of his revised weekly bill of fare. "I have cut down lectures to a minimum," he said, "I find they interfere with my morning coffee. But I always go to hear Mr. ——, just to see whether he's wearing his red, white or blue check trousers. Is it true that lecturers are to dress for their parts? Shakespearean criticism straight from the mouth of a Falstaff or Thersites; history from a Crusader on horseback, and so on. And then I always devote the afternoons to sport. However, I now limit myself strictly to two flicks and two shows a week. I hear the Oxford Players are coming to the *Festival* this week. August Stringberg's "Spook Sonata," isn't it? That sounds interesting. Besides, I've made a bet that the chap who frequents the theatre on Wednesday night will wear either a green or a bright blue shirt this week. Do you know he wore an orange one last week, and red the week before. And, of course, I'd rather like to hear the Lener String Quartet on Thursday, but I'm engaged that night; you see, I always play bridge at least twice a week. My greatest regret, however, is that I shan't be able to see the Rugger match against the United Services on Saturday, but as I'm playing Soccer for the college on that day, I really can't manage it. And—oh! by the way, I spend the rest of my time working."

"Indeed," I replied, "that sounds a very excellent programme, I should hate to be critical, but aren't you a little too studious for a member of this University?" BERNIL.

D. Stuart

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The University of Paris and Magdalen fresher. He won the Freshmen's Singles at Oxford this year

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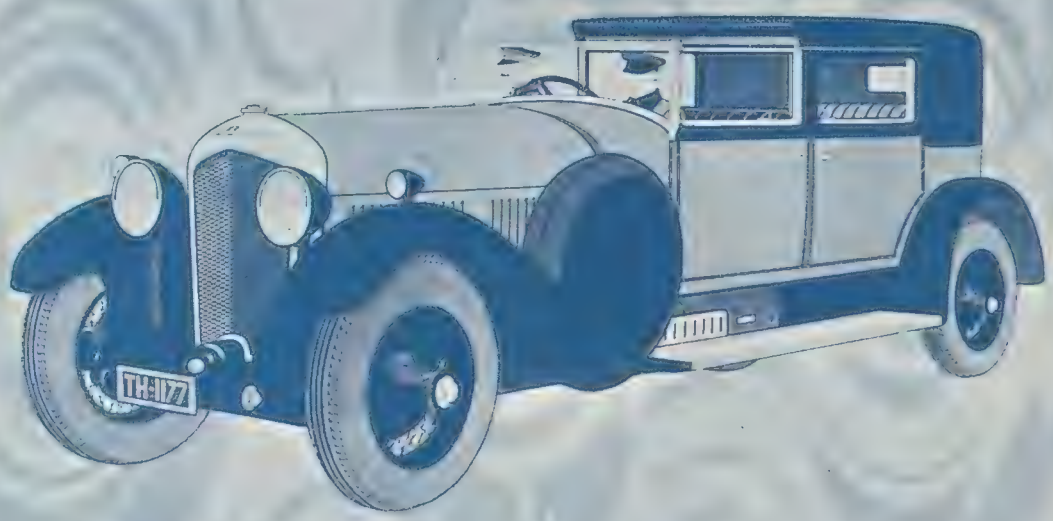

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OXFORD'S FIRST AERONAUT

Air History

IT has taken Oxford exactly one hundred years to remember that one of her most distinguished sons, James Sadler, was the first English aeronaut. On October 4, 1784, he astonished his fellow-citizens by "Ascending into the Atmosphere with Firmness and Intrepidity." He carried a small brazier suspended under the envelope of his balloon in order to maintain heated air to give the power of ascension. After an adventurous career he died peacefully in his bed, and the Royal Aeronautical Society, realising that this year was the centenary of his death, have restored the tombstone of "the first Englishman to sail through the air." As there seems to be considerable doubt as to who made the first British flight in a heavier-than-air machine, a committee has been appointed under the chairmanship of Lord Gorrell to decide this important matter. The first flight will be taken to mean the first ascent from a standing start by a power-driven craft, unaided by a catapult or any other form of propulsion from the ground.

A LADY OFFICIAL *Photopress*

The recently formed Berks, Bucks and Oxon Light Aeroplane Club, at Reading, has as its Secretary Miss "Toby" Cribb, who is seen on the right of this photograph. Miss Spooner, who is also in the photograph, has made a considerable name for herself in flying circles and owns her own Moth

Ladies First

MRS. NAYLOR has the distinction of being the first lady to secure an "A" licence for the Liverpool Club, having taken her ticket before her husband, who is also a flying member. Her performance was also remarkable in that she was not photographed before or after the flight, nor did she carry a lipstick, powder-puff, or face cream, for use at high altitudes. Ladies who intend to indulge in high flying will find the humble vaseline, used in the late War as a preventive of frost-bite, a greater protection against cold and a blue nose than all the complexion creams in the world.

Film News

TWO films featuring aeroplanes without war have recently been shown privately. The "Air Circus," produced in America, is a story of a flying school. The pictures taken in the air are remarkably good, though Heaven forbid that young pilots should be encouraged to hop out with a parachute because their undercarriage gets damaged when taking off.

"With Cobham Round Africa" will appeal principally as a travel film quite different and more interesting than any other yet presented. The wide open spaces are even more wonderful when seen from above, whilst the sensations of landing and taking off the water at sixty miles an hour have been captured most accurately. There are dramatic moments when the giant flying boat is nearly wrecked at Malta, and again when charged by a friendly armada of native war canoes in Central Africa.

Topical

AT THE "BRIGADE" CLUB

The Household Brigade Flying Club, which has its headquarters at Brooklands and is the latest "side show" of officers of the Brigade, recently received a visit from Sir Sefton Brancker. He is seen here with Captain Davis, the Instructor

Winter Sports by Air

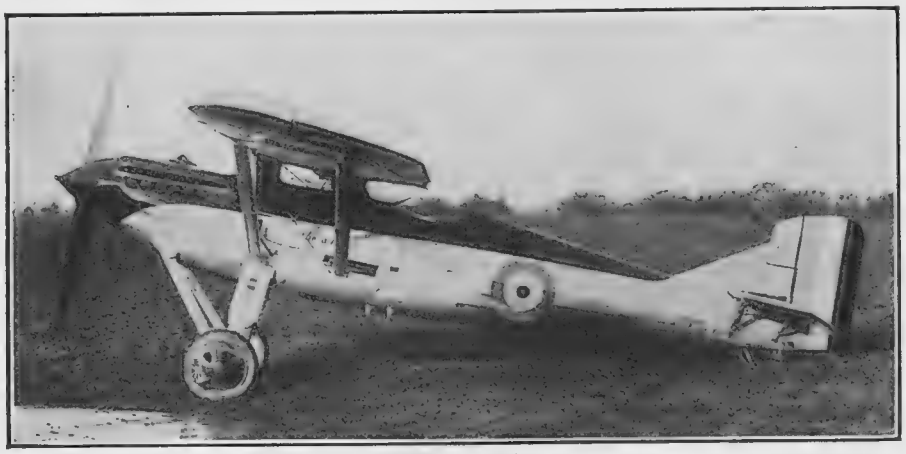
A REGULAR service to Switzerland will be operated by Imperial Airways this winter, the scheduled time from London being eight hours. A special luggage compartment will be arranged for skis and other bulky gear. Passengers will be landed at Basle or Zurich, where the aerodromes are below the normal snow level, but it will still be possible for private owners to visit Switzerland, landing on the frozen lakes in the high alps. This has been done often in the past, although for an extended stay it is

advisable to change the wheel undercarriage for a set of skis.

Club News

THE Hon. B. L. Bathurst, of the Bristol Club, and Commander Bell, at Hamble, have recently found time, in between the storms, to secure their "A" licences. Private owners holding "A" or "B" licences and serving officers in the R.A.F. who have their own machines will be admitted as flying members of the Cinque Ports Club at a reduced rate. Lympne was known during the War as the "'oppin' off place" for the next world, but in peace-time it is merely a pleasant spot to stay the night when there is dirty weather ahead, so that this concession by the club should be helpful to private owners travelling to and from the Continent.

The London Club can accept new members who are prepared to fly during the week. Most club flying is carried out at week-ends, so that anyone having time to spare from Monday till Friday can easily graduate in two or three weeks, even though be the weather never so foul.



A NEW FIGHTER *Photopress*

The Westland Rolls-Royce Wizard, the new combined fighting and bombing monoplane which has been adopted by the Royal Air Force. It is driven by a single 480 h.p. Rolls-Royce engine, can maintain a speed of 190 m.p.h. in the rarefied air two miles above earth level, and carries two machine guns and a load of light bombs

In the Colonies

THE first machine to receive a civil registration mark in East Africa is "Miss Kenya," the D.H.51 imported by Mr. John Carberry nearly three years ago. It has recently changed hands, its new pilot being Captain Campbell Black. There is to be a new aerodrome at Nairobi much nearer the town than the present one, and a complete chain of landing grounds is planned throughout the Colony, so that private owners going out from England should have no difficulty in finding an aerodrome near their destination.

An Aerial Trade Ship

AN enterprising exporter of cotton goods has chartered an air liner for a visit to East Africa some time this winter. The machine will carry a stock of the latest models from Lancashire for the native African, and it is proposed to equip agents with light 'planes so that they can carry on the good work after the big machine has returned to England.

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EVENING CLOTHES

WE are willing to admit that the ready-to-wear trade has certain conveniences, though they are not of the sort that would appeal to the tastes of the clients for whom we cater. But when we read, in the announcements of ready-to-wear firms, that it is considered no longer necessary to fit on the dinner suit or dress suit, we can only laugh.

For the House of Pope & Bradley specialises in dress clothes and though our cutters are the most highly skilled artists that can be found, yet even they would not like to build a dress suit with less than our customary three fittings. We do not, as a rule, want more than three fittings: but these three are imperative.

We take a particular pride in our evening clothes: for the dress suit is, perhaps, the most elegant of all masculine attire. Much experience has gone into the selection of our black dress materials; for in addition to the usual black barathea, we have designed a number of subtle and very inconspicuous weaves—which designs are especially suitable for the dinner jacket. Many of these dress cloths are manufactured especially for us, and are therefore of superlative quality. The trimmings throughout are of the very finest silk and satin that it is possible to procure. This is essential to maintain the quality of the production. It is natural, then, that the finished tail-coat or dinner jacket—cut by superb artists and completely sewn by hand (by expert log tailors)—should be the embodiment of quality.

Platitudinous as it may sound, perfect-fitting evening clothes are a matter of prime necessity to a man who mixes in the right company. Few men can afford to appear in ill-fitting dress clothes.

For this coming Winter there are one or two small changes in style, affecting the shape of the tail-coat, the style of the trousers, the lapels of the waistcoat, and the length of the dinner jacket. They are scarcely discernible to the indiscriminate eye, yet they are at once apparent to those who understand clothes.

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FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

The lighting of country houses is frequently atrocious. As soon as the nearest gasworks are left a few miles behind, the motorist may pass at night house after house whose windows, standing back from the road, show but a pale illumination, while dark shadows in the grounds tell a tale of dim lamps and gloomy rooms within.

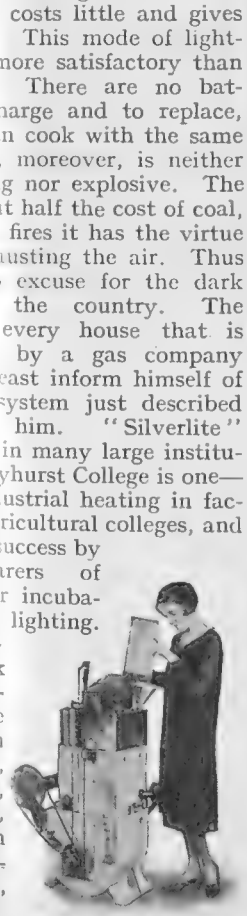
Here and there, a sudden lighting up of the trees by windows in some old mansion makes him aware of the modern spirit.

The Young Are Right.

For the younger dwellers in country houses are rebelling against the incompetent gloom of lamps. They ask why the town should be so well lit and the country so dark that a fellow can't see to tie his evening bow or a girl to comb her shingled curls. If it is said, by way of excuse, that in towns gas is easily laid on, they reply that it can be laid on just as easily out of town: there is plenty of air to be had, and air has only to be passed through a carburetter, to pick up one and a half per cent. of petrol to become "Silverlite," and needs only a burner and a mantle to give all the light that heart can wish!

For Cooking Too.

What the young people say is true. "Silverlite," costing not over two shillings a thousand feet, is the last word in lighting efficiency, and the generator that produces it costs little and gives no trouble. This mode of lighting is far more satisfactory than electricity. There are no batteries to charge and to replace, and you can cook with the same gas, which, moreover, is neither asphyxiating nor explosive. The cost is about half the cost of coal, and for gas fires it has the virtue of not exhausting the air. Thus there is no excuse for the dark places of the country. The owner of every house that is not served by a gas company should at least inform himself of what the system just described can do for him. "Silverlite" gas is used in many large institutions—Stonyhurst College is one—and for industrial heating in factories, in agricultural colleges, and with great success by many rearers of poultry, for incubators and lighting. An illustrated book of particulars can be had from the makers, Spensers, Ltd., 6B, London Street, Paddington, W.2.



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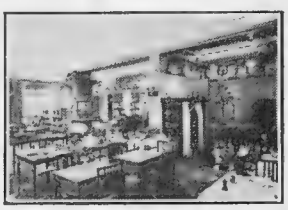

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FROTH AND FIRST NOVELS

By RALPH STRAUS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE other day I happened to be in a big lending-library in London, and for some little time was interested to watch the changing scene at one of the counters. When I walked away, my admiration for the attendants was unbounded, in spite of the distressing fact that not once did they recommend one of my own books. The extraordinary questions they were called on to answer! The brilliance and tact of their replies! They ought all to be sitting on the Front Bench in Parliament.

❋

APPARENTLY it was taken for granted that they had not only read every book published during the last three years, but were well qualified to know which of these books would "suit" each particular customer. They were expected to pronounce moral judgment. They were expected to know the title of a novel about which the customer could give no more information than that "it had something to do with a divorce," or that—I am quoting words I actually heard—"it was a fairly new one by that man who wrote such a good story about an unhappy marriage a few years ago." The most ludicrous questions. But there was one which was never asked. Nobody wanted to know whether any new writer had appeared whose work was more than averagely good.

❋

BUT why, you ask, should they have wanted to know? Why indeed? Time enough to ask for a first novel when everybody is talking about it. At the same time, it is often said that the new writer is not given a fair chance these days. A book of real genius will win through in the long run, even if it takes a Prime Minister to do it, but what of those others which are merely good, honest work?

Well, it is true that the publisher must think twice before risking his money on an unknown. It is true that the libraries do not welcome the stranger. It is true that the reviewer probably misses many good things. But it is also true that many first novels which fail deserve to fail, and I confess that I often wonder how some of them ever came to be printed. An author's vanity and a purse to match? Sometimes. Or signs of promise for the future? No doubt; but, as any reviewer will tell you, it is a disappointing business, this search for genius.

❋

TAKE the present season. How many first novels of outstanding merit have appeared? Hardly one. Much was expected of Harold Acton, but, to my mind, his *Humdrum* (Chatto and Windus) has little to recommend it. The palm, I suppose, may be given to young Evelyn Waugh, whose *Decline and Fall* (Chapman and Hall) is certainly a brilliant affair. A new edition is just out, by the way, and if such things amuse you, you will find that a few of the names have been altered. And why? One or two of Waugh's contemporaries professed to find themselves pilloried under disguises that were rather too thin.

MISS SARAH SALT

There is also Kathleen Woodward's *Jipping Street* (Longmans), though that is not, strictly speaking, a novel, and with it I would bracket a very different kind of book, the short stories of Sarah Salt issued under the title of *A Tiny Seed of Love* (Gollancz). Here, unquestionably, you have some very fine work, which I can warmly recommend. You do not easily forget the respectable married man of the suburbs who suddenly "breaks out," or the stage-struck girl who comes to grief. You cannot read the neurotic woman's diary without being aware of a horrible thrill, for you know that this is the sort of thing that a woman going over the borderline would really write. And even a tragedy like Freda's, sordid though it be, has a beauty of its own. There is, indeed, a glamour about these stories, a touch of originality, a spark. And the writing is excellent. Sarah Salt is a name to remember. Unfortunately, so far as this article is concerned, one of those wretched little birds, of the talking variety, has informed me that, though this is Sarah Salt's first book, it is not the first book of its writer.

MR. EVELYN WAUGH

A reproduction of the portrait by Henry Lamb

❋

BUT what of the others? During the last week or two I have glanced through more than a dozen, and can find little enough cause for enthusiasm. The same old stories, the same old *clichés*, the same unnatural conversations. And the only one which has a gleam of entertainment in it comes from America. *Show Girl* (Brentanos) is but froth, but it is amusing froth, which does not pretend to be anything more—except on the "blurb," which is about as fatuous an affair as I have ever read, and grossly unfair to the author, J. P. McEvoy. Just listen to this: "Lingering not an instant for analysis, interpretation or description, McEvoy creates a dozen characters who are flesh and cosmetics, blood and perspiration, so alive that the reader feels their elbows in his ribs in the Tube, their heels on his insteps in the theatre, their voices in his ears, and their high explosive cocktails spilling in his lap in a night club." Naturally one feels disinclined to go further, but when the American chorus-girls, super-salesmen, theatrical magnates and millionaires get really busy, there is something more than mere riotous farce. There is a spice of satire which we, with our newly acquired knowledge of American slang, are in a position to appreciate.

❋

SOMEBODY asked me to read another first novel, *The Drifting of Charlotte* (Cayme Press), by Mabel St. George-Moore, but I cannot imagine why. It is a long and tedious and dreadfully old-fashioned story about a not very exciting young woman whose parentage is mysterious. I am exhorted not to give away the secret. I will not. There is genuine feeling here and there, but nowhere

an original touch. And how ghastly to read all the old phrases on every other page! "The atmosphere had become strained to a degree." "The marrow froze in her bones." And what is one to say of the poor Philip who "literally fell on his long-delayed food"? I hope that he did not hurt himself; the food must certainly have become squashy.

No, *The Drifting of Charlotte* will not do, and I can find little good to say of another first novel, called *The Way of Lucifer* (Lane), by Andrew Clark. Oh, that devil in fiction! What a tiresome creature he is! Always precisely the same—with his sleek black hair and his immeasurable fortune and the beautiful ladies who succumb to his charms. And what is one to say of people who talk to each other as if they were reciting a paragraph from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*? "Suffice it that I did," says somebody. "Now tell me, Ernest," says somebody else, "exactly of whom your party is composed." I was only surprised to find no mention of our old friend "incorrigible," but that peculiar word, I suppose, is now solely confined to the stage.

❋

It may be that I have been singularly unlucky; it may be that I have missed all the best things, but—what a relief to turn to the more gracious fare of J. D. Beresford's *Writing Aloud* (Collins). Now this book is not precisely a novel, but I mention it here because it is just the sort of book which would-be novelists might study with advantage. It shows a story in the process of being built up from a shadowy idea. You might think that this would not be of very general interest, but it is. It is a fascinating experiment in a new sort of autobiography. They often tell you that stories about the stage are not popular because people like to retain their illusions; and, similarly, it is often said that there are too many novelists in novels; but here is a peep behind a new sort of scene, and, to make use of a word which satisfies Beresford, though it annoys the picturesque Fowler, it is undeniably "intriguing."

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY

As he appears as Scaramouche. His London season started at Golders Green and this week he is at the Wimbledon Theatre

MY BRIEF LIBRARY SELECTION

Meet These People. By Reginald Arkell. Caricatures by Bert Thomas. (Jenkins: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)—This wicked collection of verses is having a good sale, and deserves it. Personal and piquant. The great ones are "hit off" admirably by both author and illustrator, and there are delicious bits of satire about such things as crook-plays, Fleet Street, super-women and best-sellers. A most entertaining affair.

Heine: The Strange Guest. By Henry Baerlein. (Bles: 12*s.* 6*d.*)—Biography very much à la mode, and done with considerable gusto. Heiné is not everybody's man, but in Baerlein's hand he makes a picturesque figure against a background more than usually attractive. Begins like a novel, in the author's best manner, and does not disappoint.

The Bishop's Wife. By Robert Nathan. (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—A quaint fairy-tale about an angel who bears small resemblance to the Wellsian variety. Rather charmingly done. Mr. Nathan is an American author with a considerable reputation in his own country, and this new story of his should bring him friends "over here."

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By Macmichael

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WILL THE DOUBLE DISAPPEAR?

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THERE is a dead set against the informatory doubles in certain influential quarters, and I think it is quite possible that in a short time they will be abolished, at any rate at the chief London clubs.

It is significant that the veteran American writer, Mr. R. F. Foster, once their most ardent advocate, has now recanted unreservedly. In the pages of the *Auction Bridge Magazine* November issue he explains why he no longer believes in informatory doubles. His change of opinion is the result of an extensive examination of a series of hands of duplicate Bridge where the distribution of the cards is preserved in trays and the records of the various results in bidding and play at a dozen or more tables are recorded on score sheets. The result is to Mr. R. F. Foster conclusive. The doubles don't work and they don't pay except when the doubler's partner has a hand strong enough to bid in any case.

. . . . . .

Then we have "Yarborough," who was the first writer to recommend the doubles in England at a time when they were regarded with great suspicion and generally disliked. He, too, has "ratted." He states that he has come to the definite conclusion that it is a losing proposition to double "One No Trump," although he is still in favour of the suit double in certain circumstances and conditions.

In the United States there is wide agitation for the reform of the system as there is no uniformity of practice. Hardly any two players use the doubles alike, and at any leading club before a session of play is started the perennial question is asked "How do you use the doubles?"

Mr. Sidney Lenz advocates the adoption of the term "I challenge" instead of "I double" when the double is intended to be informatory. Let a double mean a double—and nothing more. "When," he writes, "a player desires the partner to bid, instead of doubling, which after all is the equivalent of a kick under the table, the lifting of the eyebrows or a deprecatory cough, would it not be just as well to say so?"

It is rather amusing to find these ethical objections, once rife over here, used in the home of the informatory doubling system.

Mr. Milton Work, however, does not agree with Mr. Lenz's idea, and puts forward a suggestion of his own. The opponent of a player who has made a double is to be permitted to ask the doubler whether his double is business or informatory, and the question should be "willingly, courteously, and accurately answered."

The privilege of asking is to be confined to the opponent of the doubler. The partner of the doubler is not to be allowed to ask.

All this seems to me rather absurd and calculated to turn the game into a farce.

Personally, while I should not be sorry to see the doubles abolished altogether, I do not join in the chorus of condemnation. I think the doubles *when properly used* add to the amusement and enjoyment of the game. But as hardly one player in a hundred uses them properly, the simplest way would be to get rid of them. They are now a source of bewilderment and strife, because they are improperly used and used far too often.

The occasions when they can be employed legitimately are few and far between. They are exceptional measures to be taken on exceptional hands and at critical scores in rubber games.

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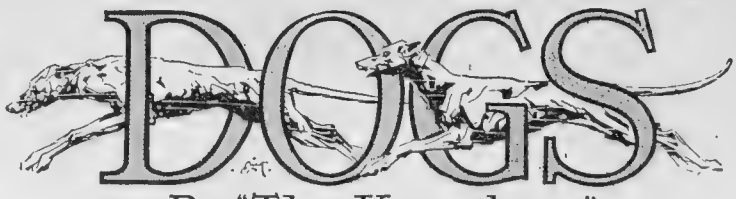

By "The Kennelman"

So far as the biggest and most spectacular of Dog Shows are concerned there is supposed to be a bit of a lull during the last two months of the year, and that is perhaps why this period is favoured for what are called Members' Shows. Whilst necessarily not the biggest events, in point of number of entries, they are often among the most instructive and interesting, especially for two classes: the expert fanciers, on the one hand, and the enquiring novices, tentatively feeling their way toward the informed amateur's status, on the other hand. Those who, without having quite made up their minds to it, are rather thinking of "going in for Dogs" seriously, either with a view to making them pay, or to winning place as fanciers from sporting motives, can, if they will, learn a great deal from these Members' Shows; not alone from study of the so carefully chosen specimens of the different breeds they attract, but, even more, perhaps, from talk with the exhibitors, and getting into touch with their clubs and societies. There is a Members' Show at Salisbury to-day, Wednesday, fed and benched by Spillers; and another, particularly important for women Dog-owners, at the Alexandra Palace, next Wednesday: that of the Ladies' Kennel Association, the Secretary of which is Mrs. Trelawny, 87, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Some enquiries received suggest it is still desirable to mention that it is not admission to such Shows that is confined to "Members." By no means. It's only that you must be a member if you wish to exhibit. They are wide open to the public for the rest, and their promoters and exhibitors are invaluable guides, being themselves for the most part true amateurs in the matter of keenness and connoisseurship.

Letters from readers make it plain as a pikestaff that Dog-owners and prospective Dog-owners are more often than not extremely keen about the popularity, and the prospects of popularity, of the particular breeds they favour, or contemplate taking up; and this, apparently, irrespective of whether or not they aim at monetary profits. Well, no doubt there's always something to be said for being in the swim; albeit the backwaters and side crecks can be rich in charm. Some of the most delightful of Dog companions represent numerically small fancies. Such hounds, for instance, as Bloodhounds, Bassets and Beagles; such Gun-Dogs as the Gordons and English Setters; such Terriers as the beloved Dandie; such so-called "Toys" as the King Charles, and the pursy, bearded little Griffon. Again, with regard to future and lasting popularity, the figures of any given day or season may well be a less sure guide than the progress, the tendency shown by the same figures, over a period of years. Take the Kennel Club's Show entries, for example, a pretty trustworthy guide; in Alsatians this year's entries were eight below those of six years ago, and nearly two hundred below those of two years ago. Cockers, on the other hand, were this year one hundred and thirty higher than six years ago, and also considerably higher than two years ago. Pekingese were, say, fifty higher than six years ago, and about the same number higher than two years ago.

Already enquiries have arrived about buying puppies as Christmas presents. Perhaps the most important point is to make sure that the pup will be welcomed, and given a sporting chance of happy survival. Next, buy always from a breeder. (Names can be had from the specialist club secretaries. Enquire of the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, or the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.) It is no bad plan to do your choosing a month ahead of delivery. Get a diet sheet with the pup; it's quite as important as the pedigree.

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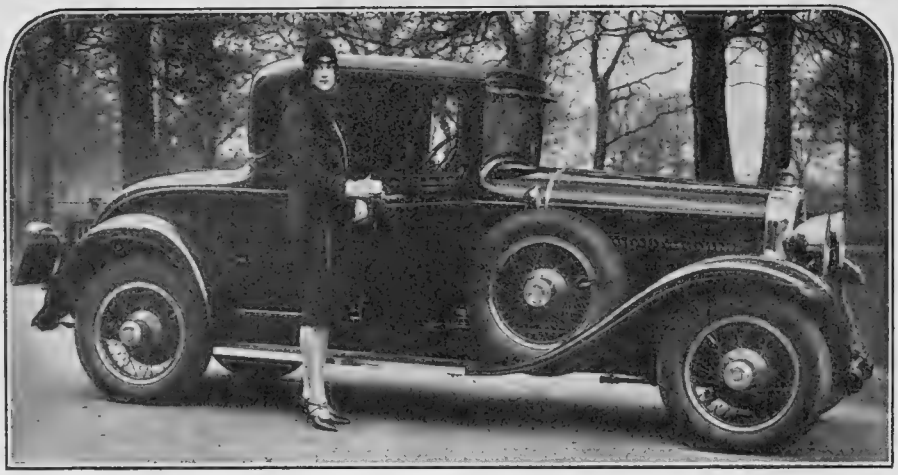
MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT



OFF FOR A DRIVE

Lady Warrender photographed with her Marmon "78" Coupé. This latest model was recently supplied to her by Messrs. H. C. Nelson, Ltd., of 107, Jermyn Street, S.W.1

I LIKE to get the other man's point of view, and so I always spend a day at Olympia with our tame office pessimist, cynic, or misery man. Every year he has less and less to complain of, and this year the most he could say was that there were so few free wheels and almost no engine-operated tyre pumps. This is perfectly true. It is certainly surprising that so few firms have taken up the various excellent free-wheel devices that are available, and which, according to definite certificated tests, enable one to save 20 per cent. in the petrol bill, as well as eliminate all engine noise for at least one-quarter of one's mileage, that being the amount which the average car fitted with this free wheel actually makes use of.

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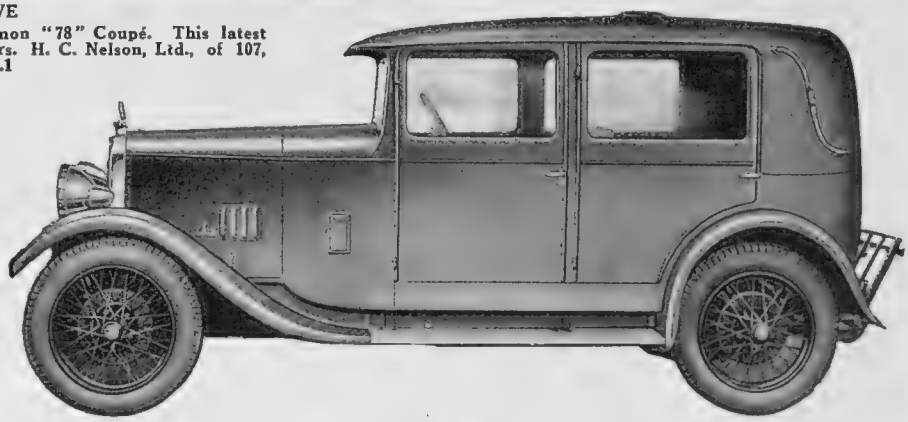

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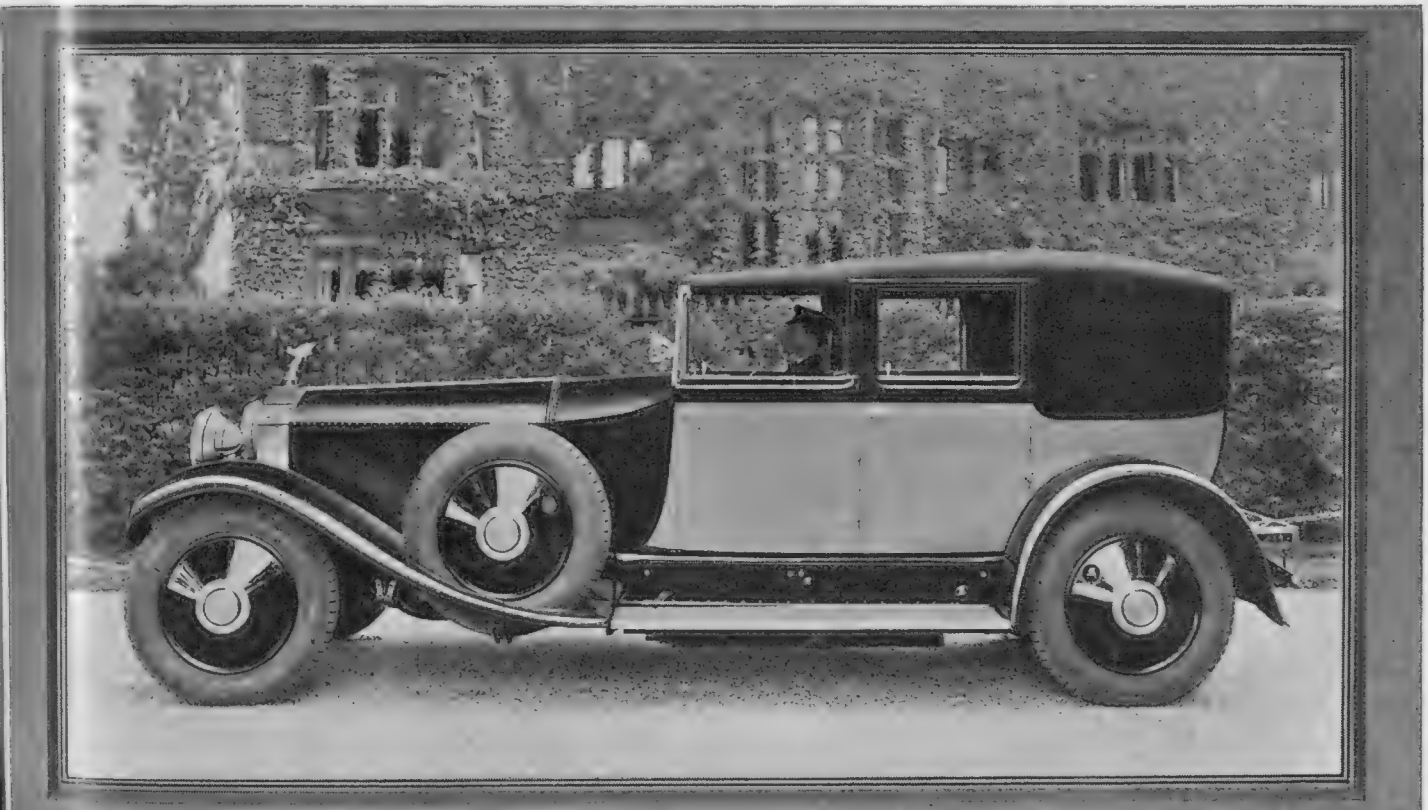

The Hooper Sedanca on Rolls-Royce chassis that again won the Premier Award, Concours d'Elegance, Biarritz, September 4th, 1928. Similar cars were also awarded the Premier Prize, Concours d'Elegance, at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and Grand Prix d'Honneur, Monte Carlo, during 1928.

Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., Motor-body Builders to H.M. the King, 54, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1.

Kennington Service

brakes are called for very much more than on the normal car, and the wear on the brake gear must be considerably more than normal. As to the engine-operated tyre pump, however, no one will deny that in these days we ought to have such a fitting. It is needed. But so are better batteries; yet nothing is done about them. Theoretically there is only one perfect battery on the market, namely, the Tungstone, the grids of which are pure lead, and every part of which is replaceable in case of failure or breakage. But the difficulty is to get the public to demand these theoretically perfect fittings, because so minute a fraction of trouble is encountered with the present ones. With tyres, for instance, how often would an engine-operated pump justify its cost, which must, of course, be many times that of the semi-toy foot pump supplied in the standard tool kit of the average car.

* * *

THE Ver-i-table is the name of a new occasional table for use in the house, in the car or the motor launch, by the tennis court, or in fact anywhere where there is a firmly placed piece of wood to which its two simple clips can be attached. The outfit consists of a stainless-finished table and two holders and pins. The latter are attached to any suitable position, such as the dash-board, the door, or the back of the front seat, and once in place, all that has to be done is to slip the table into them and insert the pins to hold it there. The table itself is strong enough to hold a picnic basket, an afternoon tea set, cocktail-shaker outfit, or any of the similar receptacles which normally are so easily upset. It takes up very little room, and what adds to its convenience for use in restricted spaces is the fact that there are no legs or other projections underneath it. The total price is only 15s. The makers are the Ver-i-table Company, of 7, Lyndhurst Road, N.W.3.

A WOLSELEY IN CHELSEA

Miss Sybil Thorndike, the famous actress, and her husband, Mr. Lewis Casson, photographed inspecting a new Wolseley "Silent Six." Mr. and Mrs. Casson are seen here outside their Chelsea home

* * *

IT is nearly two years ago now since the Criminal Justice Act came into force. It provided much increased penalties for the driver convicted of being drunk in charge of a motor vehicle, namely, up to four months' imprisonment, or a fine of £50, or both, together with cancellation of the driving licence for a year. At the time, motorists, while agreeing that these were not a whit too severe, were somewhat apprehensive as to the effect of the Act, considering the frequent prejudice against motorists on the part of those who administer the law. In the circumstances it is remarkable that there have been so few complaints of severe treatment under this Act. In the last twelve months for which complete figures are available, 1,160 cases came before English courts under the Act, and in only 12.4 was the offence deemed sufficiently serious to warrant a sentence of imprisonment.

* * *

I HAVE received information from the Standard Motor Company, Limited, about the appointment of their new sales manager. This post has been entrusted to Mr. Cecil Williams. E. M. W.

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Chairman General Lying-in Hospital Extension Fund
and MISS OLGA LYNN present
'The Pageant of Hyde Park'
(New Edition) and
"THE CRIES OF LONDON"
At Wyndham's Theatre
(Kindly lent by Leon M. Lion, Esq.)
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1928
2.30 p.m.
Tickets 1/3 to £10 : 10 : 0 from Lady Birkenhead, General Lying-in Hospital, York Rd., Lambeth (Hop 247) Wyndham's Theatre Box Office (Regent 3028) and usual agencies.

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A SPLENDID COMPLETE SET, QUEEN ANNE DESIGN, in rich figured Walnut, including buffet sideboard, extending dining table, set of six small and two carving chairs, being offered at the extremely low figure of 55 guineas for the lot. Other complete dining room sets up to 750 guineas.

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SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 37s. 6d. each. Small size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, with loose feather cushion seats, 65s. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, from £4 17s. 6d. to 12 guineas. Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, £3 15s. to 25 guineas.

COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES in all styles.

Magnificent sets of rich Satinwood and Silver Ash, Black and Gold Lacquer of Chinese taste. French Louis XV. lacquered and gilt, from 10 guineas up to 500 guineas.

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CARPETS, TURKEY, PERSIAN, INDIAN, &c.. Fine Aubusson Tapestries, Cut Glass Silver and Plate. QUANTITY OF TABLE and BED LINEN, &c.

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A fine, substantial and highly durable fabric, with all the advantages of silk. Washes and wears perfectly. For Children's Frocks and Dresses, Ladies' Lingerie, Overalls and Pyjamas, etc. 37/38" wide. Striped designs Per yard **3/3d.** Plain and Self Checks. Per yard **3/6d.**

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A rich, lovely Dress Satin, specially created for modish Evening and Afternoon Frocks, Wedding Gowns, Children's best wear and all important occasions. Wonderfully durable, guaranteed finest grade. Various charming colours. 38/39" wide. Per yard **5/6d.**

"Delysia"

Unrivalled in texture, colourings, and reliability. For dainty Lingerie, durable Dresses and Children's Frocks. Many delicate but dependable shades. 37/38" wide. Per yard **3/11½d.**

"Courlyn"

Artificial Silk and Wool Marocain of finest texture and lovely finish. Very soft and graceful. Excellent for Gowns, Frocks, Lingerie, Children's wear. Many beautiful colours. 37/38" wide. Per yard **6/11d.**

"Xantha" FABRICS

The standard knitted fabric for Lingerie - light, soft and very supple. Perfect in wear and wash. A host of delicate shades. 48/49" wide. Per yard **5/11d.**

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A really dependable hard-wearing Artificial Silk and Wool Marocain, producing at reasonable cost charming outer and intimate garments for Ladies' and Children's wear. 38/39" wide. Per yard **4/11½d.**

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A new, extremely soft and reliable Crêpe Suède fabric of highest quality. Guaranteed in every respect. For dainty Lingerie and stylish Outerwear of all types. Many shades and effects. 36/37" wide. Per yard **6/11d.**

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Easily draping, safe to wash, whatever grade or effect is chosen. **San-Toy Printed Fabrics** Fascinating colours and designs. For Dresses, Jumper Suits, Children's wear, etc.

COURTAULDS' FABRICS, woven by Courtaulds Limited, are obtainable from leading Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty please write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. F.21), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest Retailer and descriptive literature.

All the Fabrics named are produced from Courtaulds' finest Artificial Silk Yarns.

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

A charming version of the ever-popular cloche, and a graceful picture hat, both in felt. From Robert Heath

A wide-brimmed felt hat, which, worn beneath another exactly like it forms a becoming double Terai. (Robert Heath)

Following the Sun

THOSE fortunate people who are able each year, as soon as England becomes uncomfortably chilly, to depart to the Riviera, or to go East in search of sunshine, are usually objects of envy, and, therefore, the things they do and the clothes they wear are full of interest. Especially in the South of France new fashions are always being introduced, and the way in which they are received decides their future success or failure. Crepella is being used extensively for trim little frocks that are steadily gaining favour, and jumper suits appear quite frequently in heavy suède crêpe. Very slim short fur coats of "baby" skins, which are light in weight, and not too warm, will be worn over satin frocks of the utmost simplicity when dusk brings coolness, while jaunty suits of fancy stockinette will reign supreme for "le Sport."

Smart Gaiety

A PLENTIFUL supply of light and pretty frocks is absolutely essential to a woman's enjoyment in such an environment. The jumper suit sketched at the foot of this page would be a most valuable acquisition, for it is not so delicate that it would be unwearable should the weather fail to excel itself, and it is charming enough to grace any occasion. It would look very well in Courtaulds' Courgette—a delightfully soft crêpe fabric—with bands of San Toy in a bright design. Or Courlyn, which is like a silk and wool marocain, would be equally effective. For the very feminine dress San Toy would be ideal. It may be obtained in the most delightful colourings, and it will not lose its fresh appearance when washed. Clytie satin suggests itself for the little coatee. The advantages of washing satin, Xantha and Delysia, for delicate *lingerie* which yet is durable, must not be overlooked.

Shady Headgear

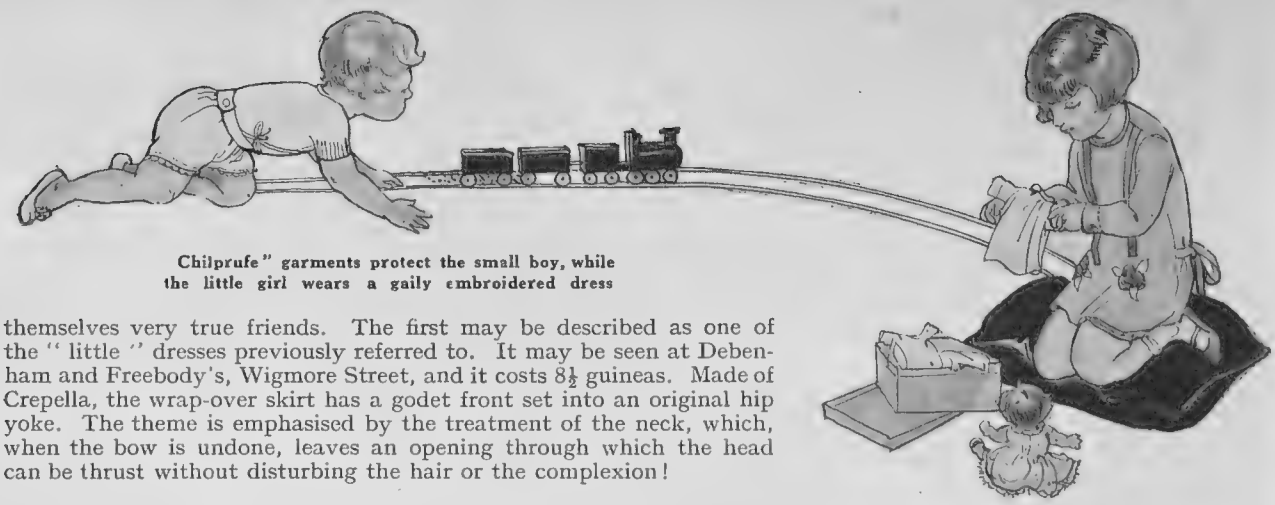
THE most important thing of all in tropical climes is to have a hat which is light and yet affords sufficient protection to the head, and which shades the eyes. Robert Heath, of Knightsbridge, is an acknowledged expert, and his *salons* are always filled with women eagerly discussing the best and most effective colour contrasts of Terais, and their merits as opposed to the sun-helmets which once were universal in tropical countries. Sketched on the right at the head of this page is a felt hat which comes from them, and which, when necessary, can be worn beneath another exactly like it, forming a double Terai. It is simply bound with Petersham ribbon. On the left is a shady model in fine felt, with an original trimming of corded ribbon. The small *cloche* shape is certain to win many adherents, for it is infinitely becoming, and most useful either at home or abroad. For those who are to remain in England little hats or *bérets* of stitched waterproof velvet will commend themselves.

The Vogue for "Little" Dresses

IN thinking of the clothes that are to be worn when the goal is reached, it would never do to overlook those in which one must travel. At the foot of this page are sketched a dress and a coat which would prove

Two delightful dresses for sunny climes. The jumper suit would look ideal in Courtaulds' Courgette or Courlyn, while San Toy and Clytie satin express the frock

Sketches by Booda



Chilprufe" garments protect the small boy, while the little girl wears a gaily embroidered dress

themselves very true friends. The first may be described as one of the " little " dresses previously referred to. It may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, and it costs 8½ guineas. Made of Crepella, the wrap-over skirt has a godet front set into an original hip yoke. The theme is emphasised by the treatment of the neck, which, when the bow is undone, leaves an opening through which the head can be thrust without disturbing the hair or the complexion!

Tweed in Many Guises

NOTHING can surpass tweed for travelling. It does not readily show dirt, it is practically uncrushable, and it is always very definitely "right." Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly Circus, are responsible for the wrap depicted here. It is of a fancy hop-sack tweed in shades of reddish brown, with strands of a rather bright blue, and the sumptuous collar and cuffs are of Jap fox. An important feature is the generous wrap-over, which, held in place by the all-round belt, amply covers the knees when its wearer is seated. This is, of course, only one among the many models which fill these *salons*, and so wide is the range of styles and of price that something can always be found there to suit every taste.

Wintry Enemies

WINTER is a treacherous time, and small bodies must be adequately protected, though at the same time it is necessary to see that the tender skin is not chaffed and that sufficient ventilation is assured. " Chilprufe " is an excellent medium. Made of softest pure wool, it guards against too rapid changes of temperature, and each garment is perfectly designed and finished. The small boy at the head of this page is wearing a double-breasted wrap vest (which is obtainable from 4*s*. 9*d*. in the winter weight) and a pair of trunk drawers, at a like cost. The little girl is clad in a charming dress which has gaily embroidered *motifs*. These are available from 18*s*. Even the most bitter wind will not be able to prevail against them.

The Fashionable Silhouette

THE cult of physical perfection grows daily stronger, and every ideal of beauty to-day tends towards natural comeliness. Slimness—though not extreme boyishness—is still the most coveted of womanly attributes, and it is, therefore, good to know that the long Roussel belt, by its design and the resistance and fineness of its elastic, creates just the silhouette which present fashions demand. Heavy figures acquire slenderness by its aid, for it is very strong, and it can be boned if desired, while delicate people feel their muscles gradually grow stronger owing to the automassage exercised by the action of the belt. One which begins at the waist can be worn with a separate *brassière* if it is preferred. A visit to J. Roussel, 177, Regent Street, or 8a, Thurloe Place, is most desirable, or a catalogue will gladly be sent post free on application.

A perfect " little " frock, from Debenham and Freebody's, carried out in soft Crepella. And a fancy hopsack tweed coat, handsomely trimmed with Jap fox, from Swan and Edgar's

Sketches by Beta

Smile

without embarrassment

Make dull teeth gleam like jewels; gums firm and pink as coral

DINGY "off-colour" teeth can be restored to gleaming whiteness.

Famous film stars use this new method, that is why film smiles are so gleamingly white.

It is called Pepsodent—a new-type tooth paste that works by removing from teeth the dingy film coat that old-time dentifrices did not clear off successfully. A slippery coating that absorbs discolorations, invites tooth decay and keeps teeth unattractive.

Remove it and you will be amazed at what you see. Discard old ways now. Get Pepsodent from any chemist.

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All smoking affects the Throat!

Pipe, cigar or cigarette—no matter which—the delicate membranes of the throat object to smoke, which eventually produces irritation, either mild or severe. To prevent this, take an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fruit juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz.	8d.
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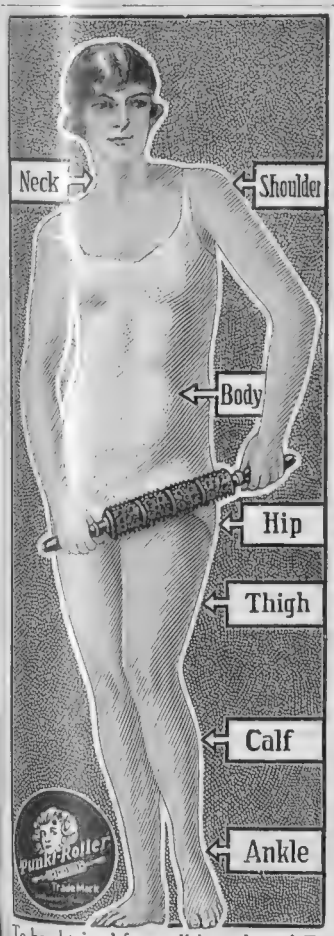
Your Chemist Stocks them

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**



Regular Massage Treatment

is taken by those with money and time to spare. Do you know why? Because massage is recognised by leading medical men of all countries as a commonsense, natural remedy for a great many bodily ills. It is now, as never before, within the power of all to get rid of unwanted fat and alleviate rheumatism, gout, neuritis, neuralgia and kindred ailments by really scientific massage, for with the **PUNKT-ROLLER** you can procure for yourself in a simple easy way all the beneficial effects of expensive Hand Massage. The gentle, kneading, persuading action of its rubber suction cups stimulates the circulation to dissolve and carry away fat cells and impurities. This is nature's own way. Lengthy gymnastic exercises, properly supervised, achieve the same objects, but cannot remove superfluous fat from specific parts of the body.

The **Punkt-Roller** is a most effective form of massage The exhilarating effects of five minutes use leave the circulation sufficiently active to dissolve fat deposits. The invigorating sensation of fitness remains for hours. See for yourself, from day to day, how the use of the **Punkt-Roller** will slender and shape your hips, thighs and calves.

It's fine keeping fit with the PUNKT-ROLLER.

Buy a ***PUNKT-ROLLER*** *to-day. But be sure it bears the Trade Mark, "Mark on the brow." No imitations are as effective.*

Popular Model	19/6
Standard Model	25/-
Face Punkt-Roller	7/6

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THE BELGRAVE EASY CHAIR is made in Maple's own factories by British Labour. Covered in hide of the best quality and well sprung, top stuffing hair, and feather down cushion in velveteen - **£10 . 10 . 0**

TWO-SEAT SETTEE to match - **£20 . 10 . 0**

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TERMS OF DEFERRED PAYMENT BEST OBTAINABLE

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The Largest Furnishing Establishment in the World

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IN BISKRA

A photograph taken outside the Hôtel Transatlantique

Seeing Africa

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, known throughout Europe as the French Line, have thrown open a new and attractive field to the winter tourist in Africa. A fleet of six-wheeled desert cars will carry the travellers over a wide area in Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, the Sahara, and the Niger, and special "Transatlantique" hotels, forty-three in number, have been erected for the benefit of those making the tours. Every detail which will make for the comfort of the traveller has been carefully thought out and perfected. A full list of these exceptionally interesting motor tours which cover the most attractive districts in North Africa may be obtained from the London office of the French Line at 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

Le "Five O'Clock"

Those of us who like to remain faithful to afternoon tea even whilst staying on the Riviera can count on a real English tea if they are in Nice. At the Queen's Hotel, in the Boulevard Victor Hugo, they serve delightful afternoon teas in the Winter Garden, whilst an excellent English chop or steak may be obtained from the Silver Grill adjoining this hotel, which boasts one of the best restaurants in France.

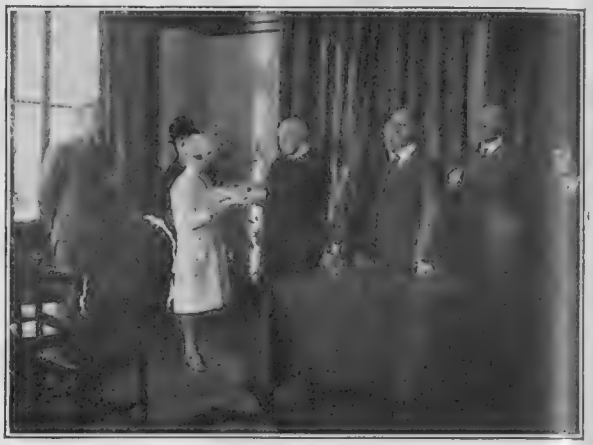
New Gilbert and Sullivan Album

The Gramophone Company, "His Master's Voice," has recorded "Trial by Jury" in complete form, on four twelve-inch double-sided records. This, a magnificent recording, was made under the personal direction of Rupert D'Oyly Carte.

"Trial by Jury" was first produced in 1875, and is the only Gilbert and Sullivan opera entirely without spoken dialogue. It is, therefore, complete in every way on four records. It was written in the first freshness of the collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan, and it contains a wealth of delightful melodies. It is set to a plot which is still as fresh in its sparkling humour as at the time when it was written.

"Things Seen in Provence"

In this book Captain Leslie Richardson gives, to use his own words, a description of the land of Troubadours and Romance from Valence in the North to the sunbathed lands on the shores of the Mediterranean. The author has succeeded in combining history and description of people and places with great charm and avoids any suspicion of "guide-bookishness." The book is excellently produced and illustrated, and its size makes it an admirable pocket companion. The publishers are Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd., and, like the rest of their "Things Seen" series, the book is sold at 3s. 6d. net.



A PRESENTATION

The Archbishop of York, who is, of course, the Archbishop-designate of Canterbury, being presented with a casket of Rowntree's chocolates. The presentation took place at Rowntree's Cocoa Works, York

BOLLINGER'S
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
CHAMPAGNE
"SPECIAL CUVÉE" RECOMMENDED.

When visiting Exeter have a "ROSCUT," the finest Waterproof and Travelling Coat for Ladies and Gentlemen in the world, from J. and G. Ross, 227, High Street, Exeter. If not, send wire or letter to same address, and a coat shall be sent by return, with patterns and prices.

REAL HARRIS AND LEWIS HOMESPUNS.
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post. Carr. paid. James St. Tweed Depot, 72, Stornaway, Scotland.

MAKE THE GRAND HOTEL YOUR PARIS HOME
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Chocolate Covered Biscuits
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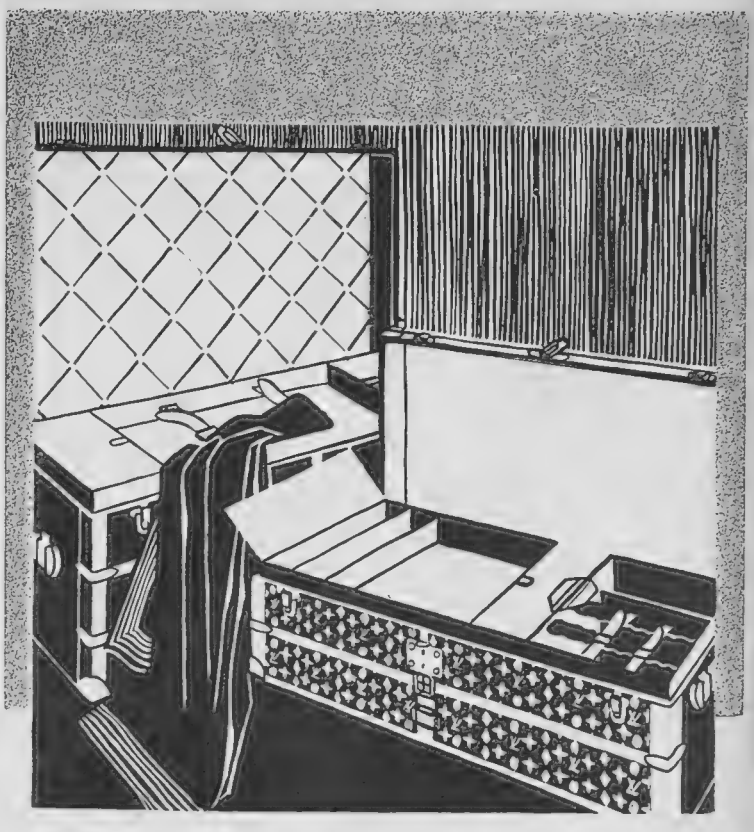

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GRAPE AND MELON SALAD. CHIP POTATOES.
CHARLOTTE À L'ALEXANDRE.
AIGRETTES OF ANCHOVIES.

Kedgeree

HALF a pound of cold turbot broken up in small pieces, one teacupful of Patna rice, boil it and let it dry *thoroughly*; two hard-boiled eggs, 1 oz. of butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a saltspoonful of salt. Make a white rout with butter and flour, stir in two tablespoonfuls of milk, and when it is well blended add the fish, seasoning, and last of all the rice; stir well with a fork until properly mixed. Cut the two hard-boiled eggs in thin slices, and garnish well over the fish.

* As requested by a reader.

Stuffed Chicken Ontario

Bone a good-sized fowl and stuff with some sweet corn, done in white sauce with yolk of one egg. Bake in a moderate oven for about forty-five minutes with the bones, one onion, carrot, thyme, and bay leaves. When the chicken is cooked, place on a dish; make a sauce by adding ½ pint of cream and a little butter to the pot in which the fowl was cooked. Mix well and season to taste. Strain the sauce over the chicken. Serve very hot.

Grape and Melon Salad

Take a small cantaloup melon, remove a small round at the top like a bung, and empty the melon of seeds and juice. Then fill the hole with as many stoned and peeled muscats as it will hold. Pour in a wineglassful of Madeira or sherry, replace the bung, and keep on ice until it is time to serve. Each slice is then sprinkled with ground black pepper and salt to taste, and a spoonful of the wine.

Charlotte a l'Alexandre

Line a mould with oiled paper, then with finger biscuits. Fill it with the following mixture: a ¼ lb. of chocolate, ½ pint of milk, stir into it the yolks of three eggs, 2 ozs. of castor sugar. Put it on the fire till it thickens, strain into a basin, and when cool add ½ pint of whipped cream and a ¼ oz. of leaf gelatine, dissolved in a little milk, and stir all together. When turned out, pour over it a little apricot sauce, with pistachio nuts shred into it. To make the sauce: Melt four tablespoonfuls of apricot jam with two tablespoonfuls of water. Let it boil and pour through a hair sieve.

Aigrettes of Anchovies

Season some fillets of anchovy with pepper, a little salad oil, and chopped parsley. Let them soak in this about an hour. Then dip them separately into frying batter, and fry six to eight minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley. EMILIA.

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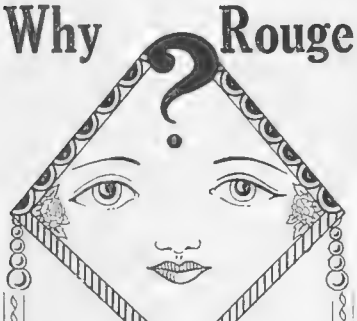

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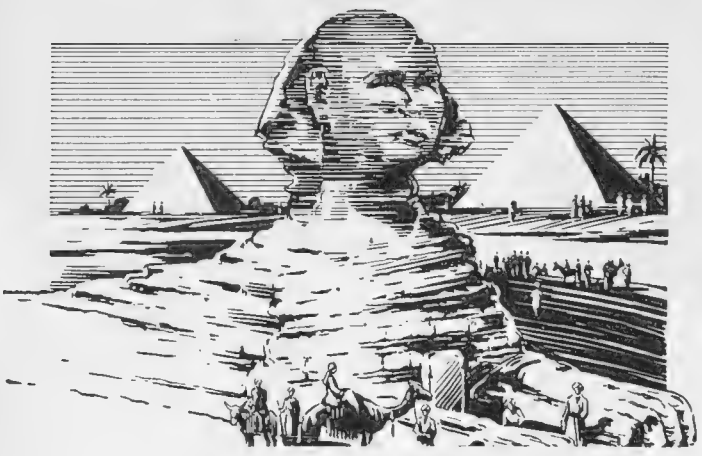

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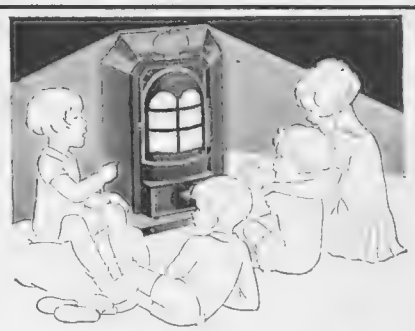

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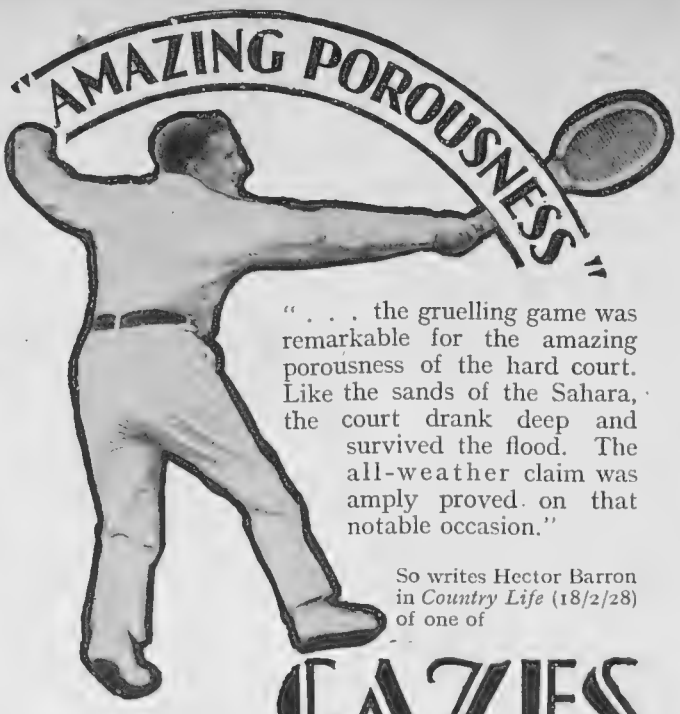

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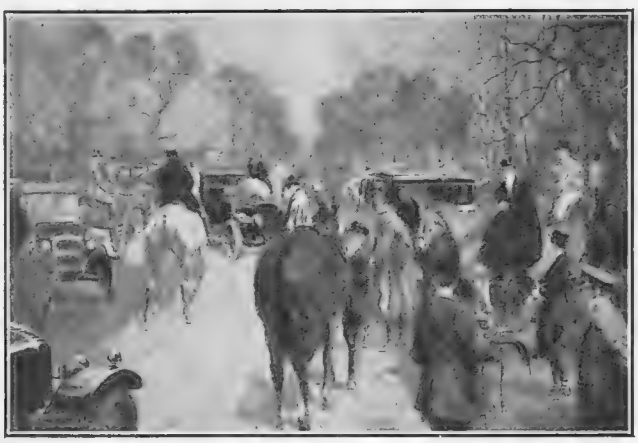

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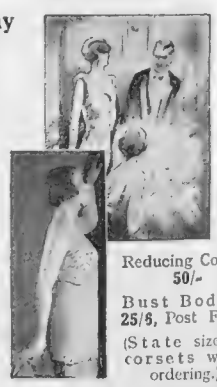

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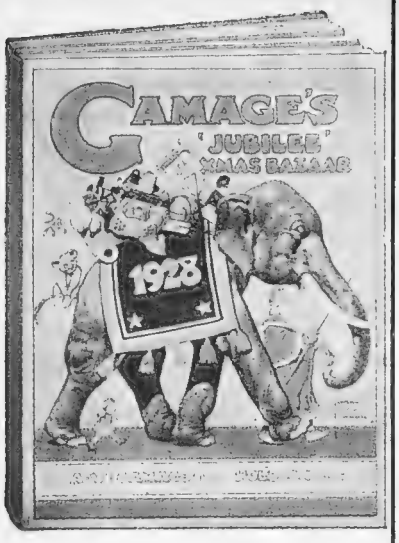

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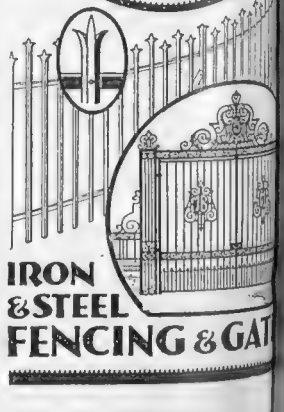

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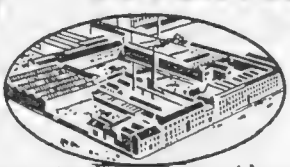

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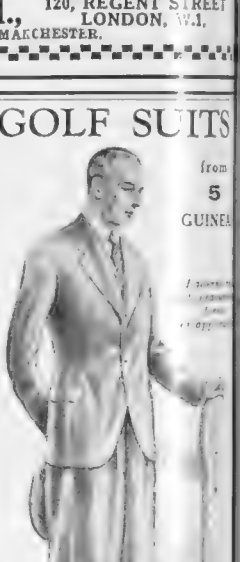

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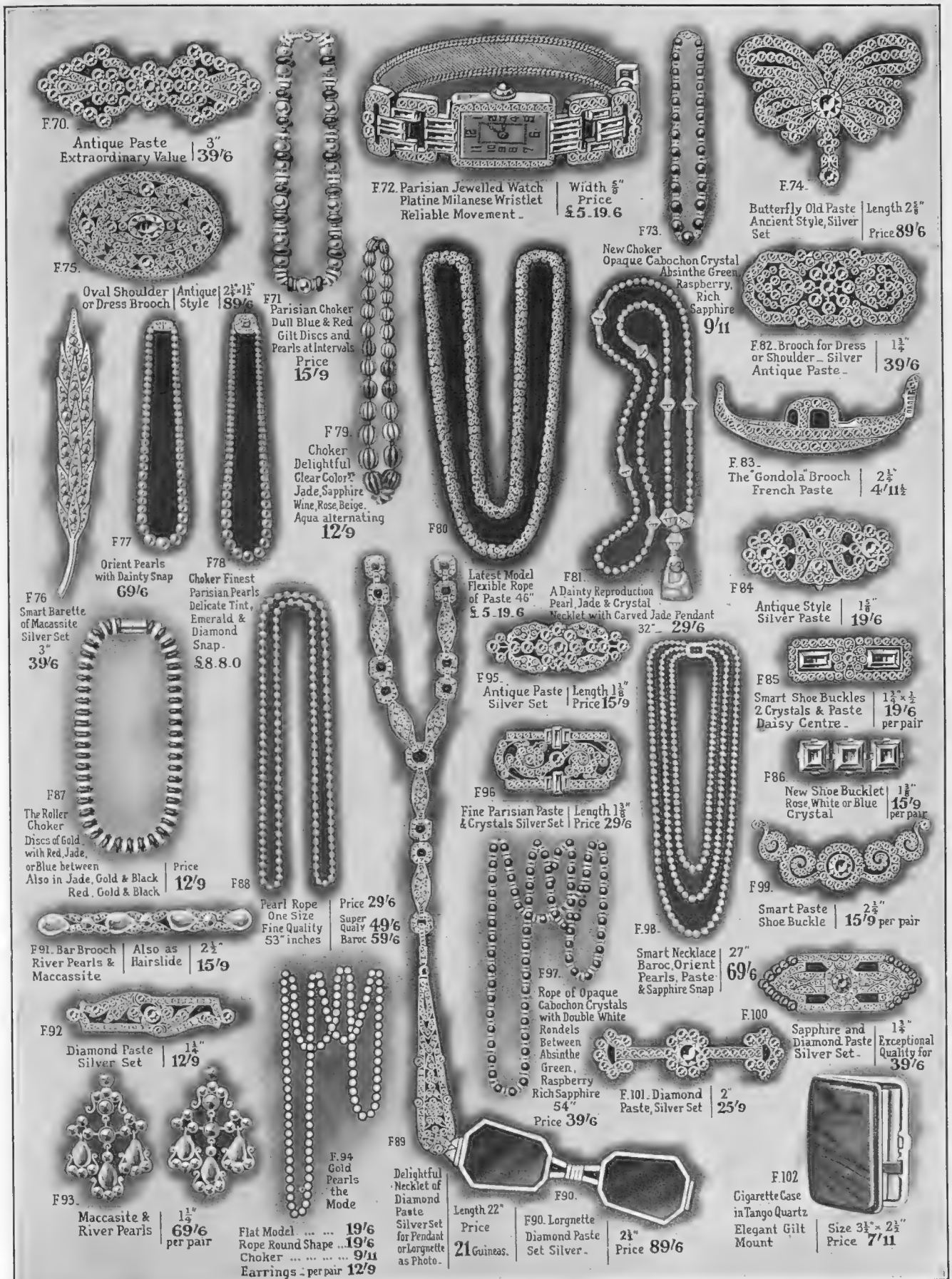

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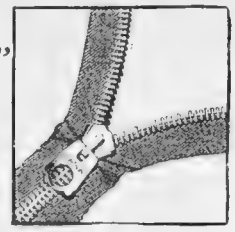
The "LIGHTNING"  FASTENER

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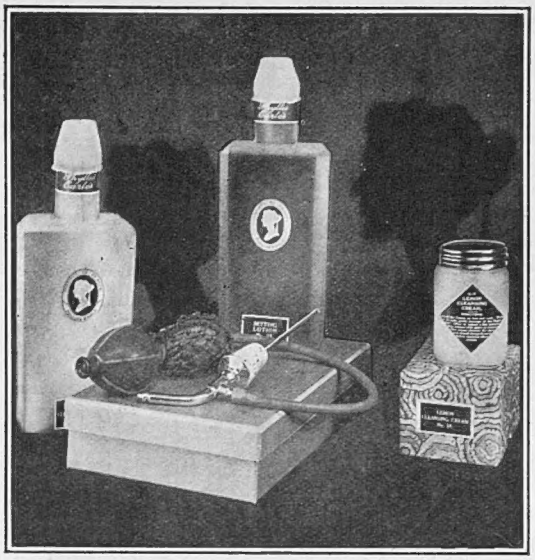

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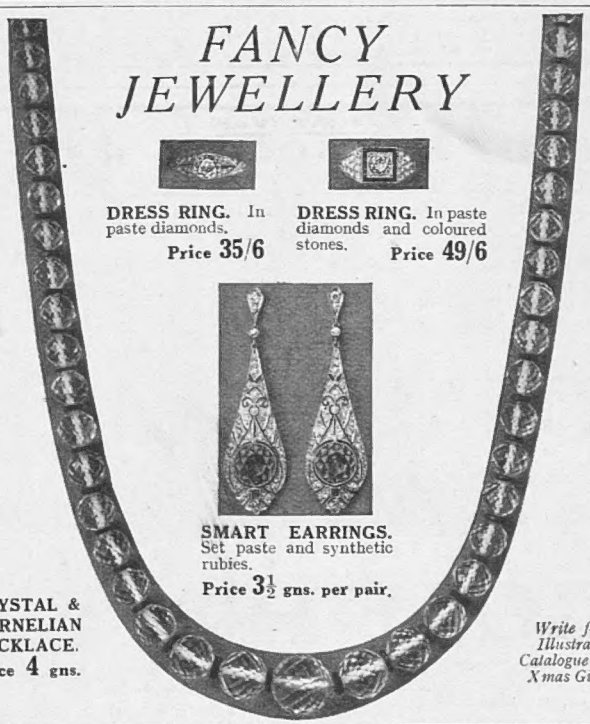

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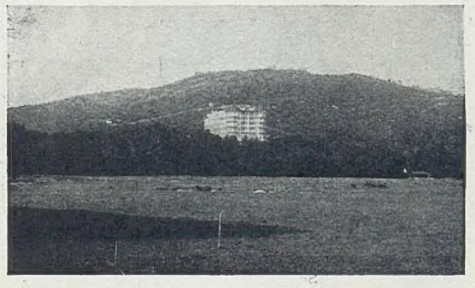

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